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he Queen's Signet;

LADY CASTLEMAIN'S CRIME

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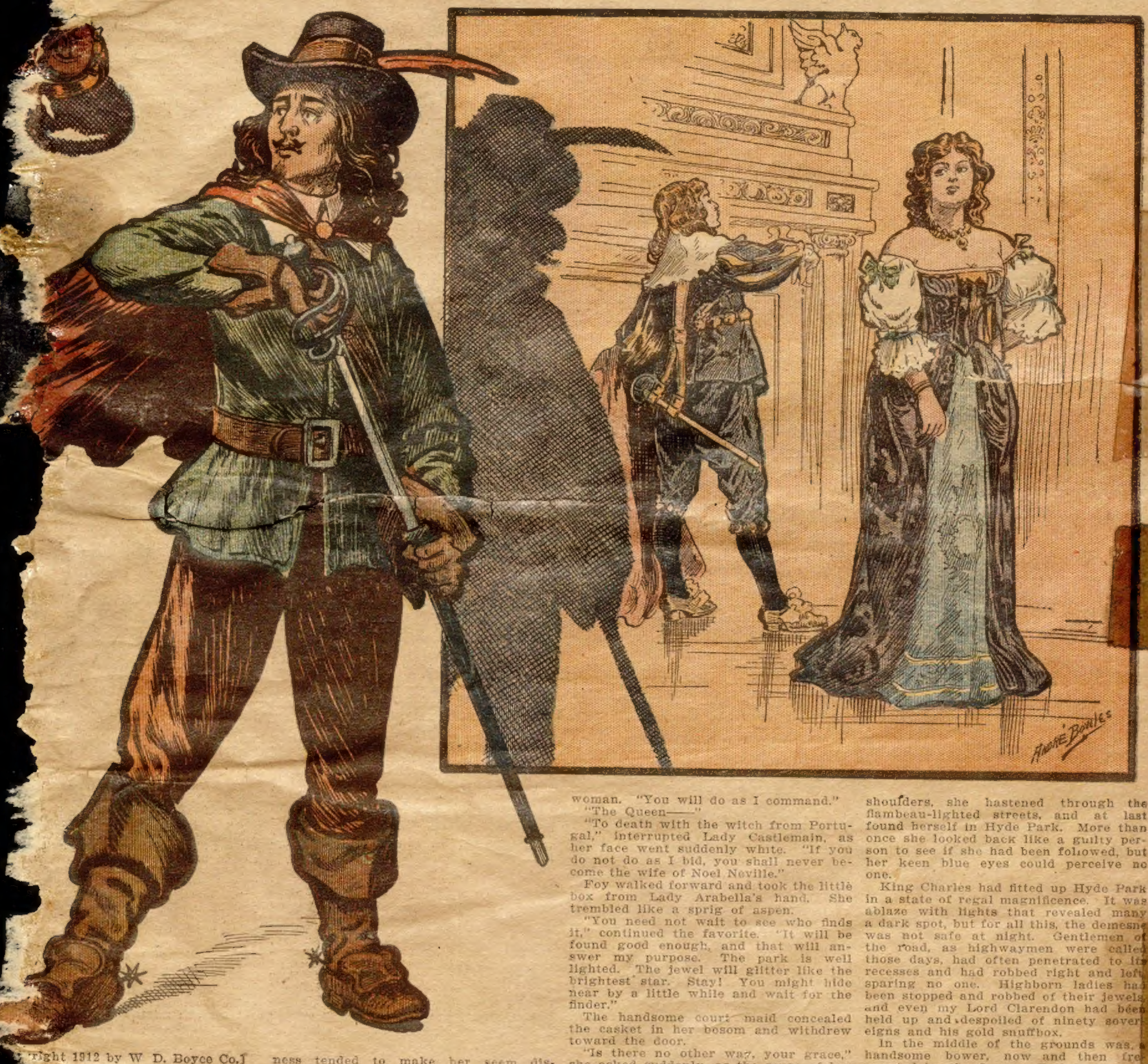

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CHAPTER I.

E KING'S FAVORITE.

N AS sumptuous a chamber
as was to be found in King
Charles' palace at White-
hall stood one of the fairest
women whose cheeks ever
wore the blush of English
roses. She was dressed as
ate, for she was the King's
l knew, and as Queen Cath-
erved to her sorrow. She
Lady Castlemain, and the
h had showered upon her
stint, for he was capti-
beauty and held in thrall by
sness.

iful favorite was watching a
opened into the apartment.
t lights of the place revealed
ss, though a certain restiveness tended to make her seem distraught.

The portal swung inward at last, and a younger woman entered and courtesied to Lady Arabella.

The newcomer was beautiful also, though not so richly adorned as Lady Castlemain. When she had resumed her usual posture, she drew back and waited to be addressed.

"Everything is arranged," spoke the King's favorite. "I have it here," and she reached out to a table and picked up a jeweled box which she held up to her companion's gaze. "You will take that which is in the casket and drop it in Hyde Park."

Foy La Fonde looked at the casket, and seemed to draw a long breath.

"But, my lady——" she began, when Lady Arabella's uplifted hand sent her into silence.

"No remonstrance," cried the haughty woman. "You will do as I command."

"The Queen——"

"To death with the witch from Portugal," interrupted Lady Castlemain, as her face went suddenly white. "If you do not do as I bid, you shall never become the wife of Noel Neville."

Foy walked forward and took the little box from Lady Arabella's hand. She trembled like a sprig of aspen.

"You need not wait to see who finds it," continued the favorite. "It will be found good enough, and that will answer my purpose. The park is well lighted. The jewel will glitter like the brightest star. Stay! You might hide near by a little while and wait for the finder."

The handsome court maid concealed the casket in her bosom and withdrew toward the door.

"Is there no other way, your grace," she asked suddenly, as the sense of her guilty action swept over her girlish heart.

"There is no other way," was the heartless response. "As I have said, you obey me or forever lose the man you worship."

Foy swallowed hard.

"No one need ever know our secret," Lady Arabella went on. "The King will approve. I will vouch for that."

The maid opened the door, and with another look at her mistress, slipped away, hugging close to her heart, where it seemed to burn like a coal of fire, the object which she had placed there.

As for Lady Castlemain, a smile of haughty triumph took possession of her face, and the old flush came back again.

Let us follow Foy.

She let herself out of the palace by the famous back stairs and darted away. Drawing her cloak about her shoulders, she hastened through the flambeau-lighted streets, and at last found herself in Hyde Park. More than once she looked back like a guilty person to see if she had been followed, but her keen blue eyes could perceive no one.

King Charles had fitted up Hyde Park in a state of regal magnificence. It was ablaze with lights that revealed many a dark spot, but for all this, the demesne was not safe at night. Gentlemen of the road, as highwaymen were called those days, had often penetrated to its recesses and had robbed right and left, sparing no one. Highborn ladies had been stopped and robbed of their jewels, and even my Lord Clarendon had been held up and despoiled of ninety sovereigns and his gold snuffbox.

In the middle of the grounds was a handsome bower, now and then frequented by the Queen. Tall trees grew about it, and at night the lights threw their shadows far and wide.

Foy stopped at length, and looked in every direction. No one was in sight. Taking the casket from her bosom, she opened it and abstracted its contents. Immediately the lights revealed something that glittered, and the girl looked at it with covetous eyes. Once in her life she had seen it before. To her knowledge the shining object had never before passed out of the Queen's possession. She wondered how Lady Arabella had taken it.

Clasping back the lid of the now empty box, she took another step forward, and cast it upon the ground where the light would fall full upon it.

"May some friend of Queen Catherine find it!" she ejaculated. "I don't like this dubious business. Something bad will come of it. I don't believe the Kin approves. But I love Noel, and nothing but my love for him makes me a guilty woman."

Creeping from the spot, she concealed herself among some foliage, and began to watch the place where she had left the jewel. Presently a lot of young roisterers came into view and went their way. Their eyes, enlarged by tarrying at the wine tables, failed to see the thing on the ground, and Foy smiled.

Then a man wearing a sword and cloak flitted into the park, and Foy drew deeper into the shadows.

"Turn your hated eyes away, Captain Brass," prayed the girl. "Not for the world would I have you find the Queen's signet."

The man whisked out of sight, humming a low drinking song, and Foy La Fonde was satisfied.

An hour passed. She grew tired of her vigils. No one seemed to care for the object on the ground, and at last she rose, and with a farewell look at it, hastened toward the palace.

One of the most despicable crimes had been committed and by one of the most desperate women that ever smiled upon a dissolute king.

Foy entered Whitehall by the passage by which she had left it. She did not care to see Lady Arabella, and hoped she would not. At heart she hated her.

All at once she heard her name called and her face lost color. Arabella, the King's favorite, stood before her.

"Well, my lady," said Castlemain, as she came forward. "You placed it, did you?"

"I did, your grace."

"And you watched?"

"I obeyed you in every particular," returned Foy. "I concealed myself among the shrubbery, but no one found the bauble."

Lady Castlemain looked disappointed.

"Who crossed the park?"

"A band of merrymakers and Captain Brass."

"Captain Brass, forsooth, and pray, where were the captain's eyes?"

"In his ugly head, I venture, but he wasn't looking for jewels, your grace."

"It's the first time!" exclaimed the favorite with a sinister smile. "But it will be found. Some eye will chance upon it before daylight. Now keep the secret, girl. If you whimper your hopes of marriage will vanish like vapor."

Foy did not reply to this, but went away as soon as possible and locked herself within her own chamber.

Arabella Castlemain sought her rooms and began to fondle a Pomeranian lap dog. Suddenly the door opened and a handsome man entered. Lady Arabella looked up and gave him a beaming smile.

"Things are going wrong!" cried the visitor who was richly garbed, as he had of right to be, for he was the Duke of Buckingham, the King's tool and the Queen's foe.

"What is going wrong, my lord?" asked the favorite.

"The King has dined again with the Queen, and their differences are likely to be patched up."

"Wait!" cried Lady Castlemain, flushing. "Have patience, Duke."

"Patience till that virtue is exhausted? Is the Portuguese witch to play the King till all of us are in the Tower and on the way to the block? By my troth, my lady, we must circumvent her!"

"Wait, I say," was the answer, which was an enigma to Buckingham. "I am not powerless. Pit me against her majesty, and watch me hold all the trumps in this royal game."

Buckingham looked searchingly at her, and toyed with the hilt of his sword.

"How long must I wait?" he demanded. "You women purr like kittens, but never bite."

Lady Arabella threw the Pomeranian from her, and sprang to her feet.

"I have bitten this very night!" she cried, clinching her hands. "You forget my raising. You forget that I have all to lose and everything to gain. By tomorrow all London will know that the Queen is the most despised woman at court."

"If we fail——"

"Who talks of failure? Do you think I am to be driven from Whitehall by this woman who crossed the sea to become Queen of England? Wait, I say!"

She picked up the dog again, and Buckingham silently withdrew.

CHAPTER II.

THE FINDER OF THE SIGNET.

Noel Neville was one of the best known young gallants in the realm. His family was honored in the chronicles of England, and its members had proved their worth on more than one battlefield. The young man himself had seen service, and despite the fact that he had served under the rascally Duke of Brunswick, there was not a stain on his sword.

Seldom seen at court, though he was not debarred therefrom, he lived at Audrey Chase, not far from the palace, content to remain away from the intrigues of favorites, knowing that he possessed the love of the beautiful Rosamond Temple, heiress of a name as bright as his own.

It was shortly after midnight on the night when Foy La Fonde left the Queen's signet in Hyde Park by the command of Lady Castlemain, that Neville emerged from a certain house with stately grounds about it. He had been having an evening with his fair friend, and her kiss still burned on his cheek.

Fearless at all times, he did not shun the streets of London after dark, for had he not at his side one of the truest blades in England, and was not his hand accustomed to direct its point to the center of every target that claimed its steel?

Loosening his cloak so that it would not impede his arm in case he were assaulted, he skirted Hyde Park, ablaze with lights, and turned into the next street at hand.

As he did so, he caught sight of a figure which dodged from under the trees and shot away before him. There was something about this figure which engaged his attention.

In all England, at the time, there was no more audacious plunderer than Harle the Hawk. This young highwayman had robbed right and left. Often he would leave his old grounds, Hounslow Heath and Buttermilk Lane, and add to his gains within the shadow of Whitehall itself.

The King had offered a reward for the capture of this robber, but supreme in his numerous disguises, he kept right on, and purses and jewelry continued to fall about him in a shower. Those who had been robbed by Harle the Hawk had given excellent descriptions of him, but for all this the trainbands had failed to bring him to book.

Therefore, when Noel saw the man who had come out of the park, a thrill which he had not felt for days shot through every nerve. He noticed that the fellow wore a red cloak, a green doublet, and yellow hose. He even perceived the black feather which lay jauntily around the brim of his hat, and did not fail to notice what a straight and slender sword dangled from his hip.

"The Hawk or his ghost," ejaculated Noel, as he quickened his steps. "He's overbold to visit the city at this time of night, but that is the Hawk to completion."

Away went the unknown and with Neville at his heels.

Presently the observed man turned into Cheape, and dodged through the side door of the Lion and Stag, one of the famous coffee houses of London. This act satisfied Noel that he had not guessed wrong.

The side entrance led to private rooms set off from the main one, and having had his curiosity whetted by what he had seen, Neville determined to see his adventure out.

In a moment he was seated at a table set against the thin wall which intervened between the main and private drinking apartments, and whilst he toyed with his wine, he was listening with all the intentness of a spy. Moreover, and Noel felt grateful for it, there was a crack at his left, and he could take observations on what was passing beyond the partition.

He discovered that the stranger was not alone, but was closeted by one of the tables with a man known all over London, Captain Jovis Brass, a swashbuckler, but a handy man with the sword, as more than one person could say. The pair were talking in low tones, but on this occasion eye was of more use than ear.

Noel saw the man of Hyde Park take from his doublet a little object, which, half covering with his hand, he exhibited to his companion.

Captain Brass let out a cry.

"By my troth!" he exclaimed. "You're fortunate tonight, Harle."

"Not so loud. Walls, as well as men, have ears," interposed the other, with a start. "Call me Dangerfield, if you will. What think you of it, Jovis?"

"It's the Queen's signet," was the reply.

"Aye, that it is, Captain. And where, think you, I found it?"

"You haven't been prowling round Whitehall, eh?"

"Not on your precious life," laughed Harle the Hawk. "Whitehall for me would mean the Tower, and the Tower the block. I'm not such a rat as to put myself into the King's trap. I picked up this pretty bauble in Hyde Park."

A look of astonishment overspread the face of Captain Brass.

"Think you her majesty lost it there?"

"I cannot say."

"She is not the woman to have a tryst," proceeded Brass. "I can't say that I like Catherine of Braganza too well, but she loves no one but King Charlie, though he seldom smiles upon her now, if reports be true."

Harle tossed his head haughtily.

"You'll restore it to the Queen," Brass went on.

The highwayman drew back and placed the Queen's signet in an inner pocket of his doublet.

"It might buy my pardon," he grinned. "I might become Lord of Altamonte or a captain in the King's guard. Which would give the most for the ring —the King or the Queen?"

"That depends, Harle—Dangerfield, I mean," was the reply. "Her majesty is compromised by the loss of the signet in Hyde Park. How it came there is past my comprehension. What if some jealous courtier filched it and placed it there to compromise Catherine?"

"Who would do such a bold thing as that, my captain?"

Brass shook his yellow locks.

"For one thing, I wouldn't put it past Lady Castlemain or the Duchess of Portsmouth. They're both birds of gaudy feathers, and each one, 'tis said, hates the Queen."

"I've heard that, Captain. When I stopped Lady Arabella last summer, she cried out and asked why I didn't rob the Queen of some of her Portuguese feathers."

"But what are you going to do with your prize? When Catherine misses it they'll post London and offer a tempting reward."

"If she lost it honestly, they will. Otherwise they will keep as silent as the Sphinx," and Harle the Hawk leaned back and chuckled till his gills reddened.

The two worthies having reached the bottoms of their mugs by this time, rose, and Harle moved toward the side door.

"I've got Mercury stabled hard by," he said. "I won't lose her majesty's ring as easily as she lost it. Trust me, Captain, to play this game through. I'm a lucky dog, if I am compelled to make my kennel without the walls."

With this he bade his companion good night, and tapping his breast to make sure that the Queen's signet was still in his possession, he darted away, followed by the envious eyes of the swashbuckler.

As the door closed on the king of the road, Noel Neville leaped from his seat.

He saw at a glance what havoc might be wrought against his Queen, if Harle the Hawk chose to place the signet in the hands of her enemies. Catherine was surrounded by foes at court. She had few friends there, and though she had tried to be a good and loyal Queen for all England, she was always the target of conspirators.

"I've never robbed a man," thought Rosamond's lover, as he bounded away. "But Harle the Hawk must not be permitted to market the Queen's signet to his own mean advantage."

Noel's blood was up.

The slim figure which had left the Lion and Stag was still in sight. The lights revealed it, and drawing his sword, he sprang after it.

Over the rough pavement he darted like an eager foe. Where Harle had stabled his steed he did not know, though more than likely some boy was holding it in some convenient place.

Harle the Hawk turned suddenly into a narrow side street. He whisked out of Noel's sight like a fox. Grating his teeth, Neville kept on. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and threw back the lace of his sword arm.

In another instant he had rounded the corner and then——

He was face to face with Harle the Hawk, who had drawn his blade and was waiting for him!

"Ho!" cried the highwayman, at sight of Noel, who had suddenly recoiled. "What may be your business with a London gentleman?"

A London gentleman! The appellation nearly drew a burst of merriment from Neville.

"I'll take what your carry in your doublet," Noel cried, as he caught second wind. "I'll take her majesty's signet—"

"Nay, my friend, you'll take this instead!" broke in the musical voice of Harle the Hawk, and before Noel could thrust, he felt a sting in his side, and the next moment he was staggering along the wall of a house, clutching at air to stay his fall.

CHAPTER III.

IN ROUND ROSE BOWER.

Noel, ere he fell prostrate, heard the bitter laugh of his enemy and then flying footsteps. He had not been sorely winged, thanks to the interference of his good cloak, and when he righted himself, as he quickly did, he looked around to find himself alone. No one was in sight, but the approach of the night-watch warned him that he would have to explain if caught in its net, and dodging into the shadows, he disappeared.

A hundred queries flashed across his mind. What would Harle the Hawk do with the Queen's signet? Would he hold it for a reward or would he keep it as a souvenir of his city escapade? Noel could not imagine how it had been lost in the park, but he remembered that Harle and Captain Brass at their conference in the Lion and Stag had suspected a conspiracy against the Queen. This was not impossible, for gossip had spread abroad the state of affairs at Whitehall, and it was known that Lady Castlemain ruled the King, and that Queen Catherine was no favorite with the lords and ladies of the realm.

He had often seen the Queen, and appreciated the delicate position she occupied, surrounded as she was by enemies who would stop at nothing to get rid of her. She was a good woman, a loyal wife, and an excellent Queen, but harried by foes and spies in a corrupt court, her situation was not to be envied.

Noel thought of seeking Harle in his haunts and tearing the signet from him. He felt that he was a match for this dandified highwayman, and he stood ready to enlist as the Queen's champion, with one of the best blades in England to back him up.

Harle was far away by this time and Noel presently turned from the scene of his adventure with the cutpurse. His wound was so slight that it required little care, and he decided to retire to Audrey Chase and sleep over the late affair.

The clock of old St. Paul's had proclaimed midnight when he entered the mansion. As he opened the door, his foot struck a white object on the floor, and the next moment he held [illegible] folded paper in his hand.

Curious to see what it contained, he carried it to his chambers and [illegible]oke the waxen seal. He started a t[illegible]e as he began to read the delicate writing which ran as follows:

"Mr. Noel Neville: Will you pardon me if I say that I would like to meet you tomorrow night at ten of the [illegible]lock in the Round Rose Bower in St. James Park? I will not disclose herewith more than to say that I am your devoted friend. I am much troubled in spirit, and I may rid myself of a great secret if you will oblige me by coming to the Round Rose Bower at the time mentioned above."

The want of a signature did not prevent Noel from believing that the letter had come from a woman's hand, and when he looked up a smile suffused his face.

He was not an adventurer among the fair sex, for his heart was set upon but one. He was in the act of casting the letter upon the table, when, as he held it up to the light, he discovered a watermark which told him that it was royal paper such as was used only at [illegible] palace of Whitehall.

The young Briton racked his b[illegible] solve the mystery of the note, and [illegible] to do so, he retired, but not to fall asleep, for some time.

When he awoke the following morning, he expected to see an excited city, for he doubted not that the Queen had missed her signet, and that a reward had been posted for its return. For this purpose he visited various resorts where gossip was common, but not a breath of information could [illegible].

At one of the places he sa[illegible]ptain Brass, and for a moment he th[illegible] of putting at him the meet[illegible] Harle the Hawk, but he soon rid himself of the idea.

The day seemed doubly long. [illegible] ten at night he might ha[illegible] been entering St. James' Park to k[illegible] the appointment which the unknown [illegible]er of the note had made.

This playground was [illegible] lighted as Hyde Park, but [illegible] Rose Bower was not diffi[illegible], and Noel neared it with his [illegible] the alert.

As he drew aside the vi[illegible] shrouded the entrance, he [illegible] glimpse of a human figure, and the [illegible] second he stood face to face with Foy La Fonde. He had encountered the court maid at a masque in Va[illegible] Gardens, and the recognit[illegible] was mutual.

"I am gla[illegible] you have come!" cried Foy, laying her hand on Noel's sleeve. "I knew of no better place than this. It is quite se[illegible]ded here."

"Your note certainly mystified me," he replied, trying to read the face before him. "It is seldom that I receive unsigned letters."

"Yes?"

"If I mistake not, you said you were troubled in spirit?"

"I am, greatly so. You have heard nothing exciting within the last few hours?"

"For once," and Noel smiled, "London is not disturbed by a single rumor."

"It is strange," answered the girl, drawing nearer to him. "I have been sworn to secrecy, but my heart revolts. The Queen has lost her signet."

"Which is not news to me," Noel said, whereat Foy started.

"I like Queen Catherine, but I am in the power of her enemies."

"And why, please?"

"I have fallen into a snare spread for me. It was I who dropped the Queen's signet in Hyde Park."

Noel drew back and studied the fair white face for a moment.

"You?" he cried with a feeling of aversion. "You, miss?"

Foy, with a shudder, covered her face with her hands, and turned away.

"Tell me," cried Noel. "Tell [illegible] whom you have obeyed."

"No, no! I cannot do that. It [illegible] be worth my life to breathe the name of the Queen's exalted enemy."

"Then keep your secret," and Noel shrugged his shoulders and averted his face.

"The signet must be found for Catherine's safety!" exclaimed the girl.

"Has she missed her ring?"

"I cannot say."

"But she will. She will surely [illegible] cover her great loss."

"That is but a question of time at [illegible] You tell me that you are not surprised [illegible] disclosures."

"I am not. The signet has fallen into the hands of Harle the Hawk."

"That cutpurse?" cried Foy. "Then the Queen is lost!"

"Not so bad as all that, perhaps. He may not acclaim his fortune for some time, and I know the haunts of the road king."

'But he is master with the blade," and Foy shivered. "Even you, Noel, are not his equal in a sword combat."

"I own that he got the better of me last night, but he took unfair advantage."

"What, did he wound you?"

"A mere scratch," smiled Noel. "My mission shall be to restore the Queen's signet."

"If you do you will make powerful enemies."

"I'll take the risk. But who are those enemies?"

"Oh, if I dared but speak," wailed the distracted girl. "I have put my life in jeopardy by coming hither, but I could not rest. I slept none last night. I knew of no one else to whom I could go but you, Noel. I love you! With all my heart I love you, Noel Neville. You will not abandon me to the tender mercies of those whom I have betrayed. They are the enemies of Queen Catherine, who is surrounded by spies who have already poisoned the mind of the King against her."

In mingled love and fear Foy would have knelt at Noel's feet, but he caught her tenderly and held her before him.

"You will find a friend in me," said he, amid her tense silence. "I will champion your cause, miss. I——"

"But I want love, love!" interrupted Foy. "I want you, Noel, you alone!"

"Let us end this scene," said the embarrassed Noel. "Go back to the court——"

"I dare not, and yet I must. Spies may have been set at my heels this very night."

"Go back!" Noel's voice was tinged with sternness. "The Queen's foes must be outwitted. I'll be her champion."

"Against the intriguers?" cried Foy. "No, no! you can do nothing. You will fall beneath their vengeance. The design was to have the signet found in the park, and thus spread abroad that the Queen was keeping a tryst with some one."

"A powerful plot," commented Noel. "It would ruin her majesty. But you, miss, can come forward and reveal the plot."

"I?" exclaimed Foy, falling back. "That would ruin me as well. It would send me to the Tower and the block. God's mercy! I must keep my lips sealed."

Neville pitied the girl from the depths of his heart. He could never return her love, for Rosamond was all the world to him, and when at last, with lips compressed, he turned away, he heard a cry and saw Foy La Fonde sink unconscious at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUEEN IN THE TOILS.

There was intense excitement in the Queen's apartments in Whitehall. Catherine of Braganza had missed her private signet, and her servants were searching everywhere for it. The King as yet had not been informed. Pale of face, and laboring under a strain, as every moment showed, the royal mistress of England was directing the hunt. It was true that she had not seen the seal ring for several days, and up to the hour of the discovery of her loss she was confident that it reposed in its casket among her private papers.

King Charles was absent on a hunt in Sherwood Chase with a party of merry courtiers, and the Queen awaited his return with many misgivings. She was aware of the spies which rivals for the King's affections had set upon her, and knew that among them all she had no more bitter foe than Lady Arabella Castlemain.

She had opposed the coming into the palace of this favorite, but her opposition had been broken down, and she had submitted in order to retain the King's good will. It was a sorry day in her life when she left Portugal to become Queen of England, and the dream of happiness had been broken almost before the honeymoon was over.

She could not conceive how the signet had disappeared, and she dared not openly accuse any one of theft. As she thought it all over, after a fruitless search of the palace, she could not see in the loss of the ring the hand of any one. Not until the King's return would she make the loss really public.

Charles came back at nightfall, pleased with his hunt, and he was summoned at once to Catherine's apartments. It did not require many words for the Queen to tell her story.

Charles was incredulous.

"It seemeth to me," said he, after Catherine's narration, "that you have misplaced the signet."

"It is impossible!" cried the Queen. "I keep it always in the red desk. It is not there now."

The King smiled.

"Surely it has not taken wings," he chuckled. "Mayhap you have been abroad——"

"Not since the fete on London Bridge," interrupted the white-faced Queen, "and then I did not have it with me. It was locked in the desk and I took the keys away."

"Madame," said Charles, "if you have not lost the ring without the palace, it is yet within the walls."

For the first time the Queen flushed. There was a hidden suggestion in the King's language. Her voice grew cold. She seemed for a moment like a lioness brought to bay.

"My word is as good as your majesty's!" she cried. "Before heaven, I could not have lost the signet without the palace!"

"It is hardly possible that Whitehall harbors a thief."

Catherine clinched her hands.

"It harbors spies!" she cried, looking straight into the face of the King. "It harbors, by your majesty's consent, those who would drag me down in your royal favor. Then why should it not conceal a thief?"

Charles backed away before the accusing look of his consort.

"Oh, well," he answered merrily, "it is for you, madame, to recover the seal."

Catherine saw him depart, nor spoke again until his footsteps had died away in the outer corridor.

Straight to the luxurious apartments of Lady Castlemain tramped the King.

"The devil is to pay in the palace!" he exclaimed, when he came face to face with his favorite. "My royal lady is in a pretty stew. She has lost her signet."

"So rumor hath reached me," replied the dissembling creature, as she bestowed one of her captivating glances upon Charles. "Prithee, Charles Stuart, may she not have lost it where she deigneth not to inform you?"

Charles stamped on the carpet as though he would drive his heel through the rich velvet.

"Is this suspicion or fact?" he cried.

"It is suggestion," meekly answered Lady Arabella. "Queens have loves as well as Kings."

"But my wife——"

"You remember that before Catherine of Braganza became consort royal she was immured in a convent, and that your hand was the first one she pressed in all those years."

"Her royal mother so informed me."

"It is the caged bird that seeks a mate as soon as the doors of its cage are opened."

Charles took several impatient strides across the room and the Pomeranian lap dog, getting into his way, was unceremoniously kicked across the floor. At this Arabella frowned, but held back her temper.

"I'll raze Whitehall! I'll raze London, but what we find the Queen's signet!" he exclaimed.

"Your majesty might offer a reward for it," suggested Castlemain, covertly regarding the King.

There was no love-making after this scene, for Charles turned suddenly upon his heel and darted away. There was a laugh behind him which his ears did not catch, and Lady Castlemain fell back in her chair and gave way to merriment.

"The trap was well set!" she exclaimed. "The Queen is fairly caught, and this is the end of the beauty of Portugal!"

She was on her feet in another instant.

"We must now find who has the ring," she cried, gazing at her splendid reflection in a gilded mirror. "Let it be known that it was found in Hyde Park, and the King will do the rest."

She pulled a crimson cord and the door opened.

"The Duke of Buckingham," she said to the servitor who made his appearance.

Ten minutes later this great villain entered her parlor and awaited her pleasure.

"The Queen has lost her signet," said Lady Castlemain. "Find the person who has it."

Buckingham's stare turned to genuine joy.

"First, where was it lost?" he asked.

"Canst keep a secret, my lord?"

"Cannot Lady Arabella trust Buckingham?"

The favorite advanced until she could lay her hand on the Duke's velvet sleeve.

"Listen," said she. "The signet was lost in Hyde Park. It has been found there."

"You know this?"

"Upon my oath I could swear it."

"But was the Queen there?"

"Would not the finding the seal there be proof enough that it was in her possession when lost?"

"It would trend that way."

"Believe me, my lord. The ring was found in the park, but by whom? That is to be the quest. Set your minions to work. They are keen fellows, as you have often assured me. Find the person who has the Queen's ring. In this lies the triumph for which we have long played our hands. It means more power for us and the return of the Portuguese serpent." The woman's eyes flashed.

"But where to look is the question," said Buckingham.

"Discover what people crossed the park after ten of the night the ring was found there."

Light seemed to break in upon Buckingham's brain.

"I see!" he exclaimed. "You are the best plotter in the whole realm."

She did not reply for a moment.

"Haste ye to the hunt," she said at length. "The sooner we finish the web, the better for ourselves."

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, bowed to the imperious beauty and took his departure.

"It's a bold move," quoth he. "It is lose all or win everything. God's mercy! I would not want that woman against me."

Almost cowering in her room in another part of the palace lay Foy La Fonde upon her cot. She had lost Noel Neville, and her young heart was heavy with her part in the terrible affair. She saw the door of the Tower opening for her, and dreamed of her head bloody on the block of the royal headsman.

Suddenly she was summoned into the presence of the woman who had entrapped her. Foy descended to Lady Arabella's apartments and confronted the favorite.

"You've kept the secret, girl?" cried Castlemain, advancing upon her with fury on her face.

"Yes," lied Foy.

"It's the bloody block if you've breathed it to a living soul! I'll have your life if you've betrayed me!"

Foy lied again and with the same vehemence as before.

"Go!" thundered Lady Castlemain. "Keep the secret till the day of your death!" and the pallid girl was glad to get beyond those flashing eyes.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

YOU OR I

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go;
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side—
If we could know!

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I my love to you more oft express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were you?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely follow God's great plan,
Be filled with a sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling, and 'tis better so,
I should forget, just as I do today,
And walk along the same old, stumbling way—
If I could know.

I would not know
Which of us, darling, will be first to go,
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called to go—
I would not know.

An Interesting Query.

Mr. W. D. Boyce, proprietor of The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade, recently returned from nine months of travel in South America. For holiday distribution to his army of friends he published a little booklet called "On the Roof of the World," being a brief description of scenes in and about the old cities of Cuzco, Peru, and La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, with a number of photographic illustrations of old Inca architecture and the descendants of the Incas, the Indian race conquered by the Spaniards. A friend of Mr. Boyce has written him the following letter, which raises the question whether or not the "bloody and cruel Spaniards" really treated the South American Indians as badly as we have treated the Indians of North America. The point raised by the writer of the letter certainly seems well taken. He suggests that Mr. Boyce "think it over." In face of the fact that nearly all South America is still peopled with Indians, while we of North America practically exterminated the original Indian inhabitants of this continent, perhaps we all better "think it over." Following is the letter:

LYON & HEALY,
Manufacturers of the Lyon & Healy Piano
and
Lyon & Healy Harp.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21, 1911.

MR. W. D. BOYCE,
500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Boyce:—I have read your very interesting account of "The Roof of the World" and quite envy you your experiences.

Being of English descent, one thing that "gets my goat" is that all travelers, including yourself, speak of the terrible Spanish, and yet the Indians are very much in evidence today wherever the Spanish were the conquerors. But where is the native today when the gentle, courteous, mild-mannered Anglo-Saxon landed on his ancestors? Think this over. With best wishes for a Merry Christmas,

Yours very truly,
BENJ. H. JEFFERSON.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

Two Lyon & Healy Harps, constructed side by side in the Lyon & Healy factories and full brothers in the sense that the same forest or, perhaps, even the same tree furnished soundboard and columns, were shipped last week to Cordova, Alaska, where the mercury hides in the bulb, and the other was shipped to Cordova, Argentina, some 8,000 miles to the South.

A more extraordinary coincidence could hardly be conceived. Was it any wonder that the shipping clerk refused to follow the instructions until he went to the head of the department and asked: "Say, where is this Cordova, anyway?"

The export business in Lyon & Healy Harps is so much heavier that the factory has been much enlarged during the past year. Special representatives have been appointed in a number of the Latin countries and next year will see unprecedented activity.

* * *

Advice to Girls.

When the girls leave school, many mothers make a great mistake in refusing to resign their position as housekeeper and supervisor, letting their daughters do what they can to fill up the time, which must necessarily hang heavily, when they have been accustomed to each hour being fully occupied.

We hear a great deal about the domestic incompetence of many marriageable girls, and where such does occur it is quite possible that the mother has only herself to blame, by a mistaken idea that "she objects to have her nose put out of joint," or that she "still prefers to be mistress in her own house," and therefore she will not permit her girls to become familiar with everyday household duties, but leaves them to find occupations for themselves, which, alas! rarely help them to qualify for the position of good wives and mothers.

On the other hand, there is no need to make drudges, or a sort of general servant of girls. In some homes the housemaid is discharged upon the arrival of the daughter of the house from school, and the girl is expected to do the lighter duties, the heavier being relegated to a cook general. But the daughter receives no monetary compensation for such work. She is supposed to stick to it "just for the love of the thing." At the same time she is considered dissatisfied if she shows a predilection for hockey, tennis, rinking, or some other form of amusement which takes her away from home two or three afternoons a week.

It is to be hoped, however, that such cases are becoming rarer every day; and, though one can not in any way deprecate the girl assuming the duties of a housemaid—such experience is decidedly good for her—assuredly one must think she is entitled to some regular remuneration for her services.

* * *

Interested.

"You seem to enjoy taking your wife to the theater."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "It interests me immensely to see Henrietta sitting absolutely quiet while a lot of other people are doing all the talking."

MR. AND MRS. MOON

TICKETS TO THE WALDORF

By W. Bert Foster

THE address on the envelope was half effaced; but it looked as much like "Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Moon, 57 Kay Street" as it did anything, and the carrier, like everybody else in the district was familiar with the name of the old lighterman. At any rate, No. 257 Kay street was out of the district covered by the carrier's branch station of the city postoffice, and he had never heard of Mr. Tittlebaum Moen, the musician and violin instructor.

So the two tickets to the very select musicale at the Waldorf were taken out of the envelope by the wondering, but no less delighted, Mrs. Moon.

"Somebody must think a deal of us, Timmie," she said, when showing the tickets to her husband at suppertime. "Who d'ye suppose it could be?"

"It's some wan who has seen me name in the paper," said Timothy, largely, for of late a sprig of a reporter had got hold of the old lighterman when his tongue was loosened, and several of his adventures had been heralded in print.

"And the music-ale do be at the Waldorf."

"'Tis a fine place they tell me," admitted Timothy. "The bar there puts it all over Riley's new wan."

"Bar!" ejaculated his wife, but with no lamblike inflection despite the expression used. "It's all ye think of, Timothy Moon! Ye mebbe think a music-ale is something to drink. And if we went ye'd proberbly disgrace yerself by gettin' to the bar more often than ye should."

"Whist, woman!" growled Timothy. "Do be sensible, now. Ye have no mind to attind any such fancy shindig?"

"I shall go, Timothy Moon," she declared, with a decision that even the bargeman was afraid to oppose. "And why not? We've a chancet to get up in the world, now we can live easy——"

"On me Uncle Rod's legacy," snarled Timothy. "Not much! And ye'd not be contint to let me loaf, so I'm domned if I'll wor-rk double tides on the old Blue Blazes, to git money for ye ter fritter away in music-ales an' the like at the Waldorf-Ash-toria!"

"But these are complimentary tickets, Timmie. We don't have to pay to get in," she said, more meekly.

This did throw a better light on the matter. Timothy was tempted. He already had had a taste of popularity, and it was sweet. He was becoming a man of mark—and people sent him free tickets to fashionable assemblies! Timothy fell. And on a certain evening he hurried home from the water front without even his usual nip at Riley's bar, to get into his new coat and a reblocked hat that had served him en state and date occasions for many a long year.

But when he reached the house and put his head into the door of his own tenement, the appearance his wife made as she stood preening like a vain bird before the looking glass, filled Timothy with a mighty disgust.

"Whatever are ye doin' there, Mahala?" he demanded.

"I'm trying to get a full-length view of myself, Timmie," she said, with a sigh. "I do wish we had a decent mirror in the house."

"A full-length view, no less?" grunted Mr. Moon. "It's a full-width view ye'd better take, woman! Ye look like ye'd been boiled down and run into them stays. If they sh'd give way anywhere, God help the buttons on that basque! Ye'd explode like a Fourt' of July cannon-cracked.

"And goodness, gracious, Agnes! woman, what ye been doin' with yer hair? Or, is it yer hair ye've got there, or some dead and gone Chinaman's pigtail made up inter a rat? I read in the paper that they do be importin' 'em now for ye women ter wear. Wow! but yer head's the size of a peach basket."

"Them's puffs, Timmie," the lady said, with a smirk.

"Pups, is it? They look like there was a whole litter of 'em. Ye're a grand sight, Mahala," scoffed Mr. Moon.

And indeed she was. When, after various minor mishaps, they reached the Waldorf by way of the Brooklyn surface cars and the tube to the 34th street station, Mrs. Moon sailed into Peacock Alley like one of those old-time round-bottomed coasting vessels, once quite common in the Atlantic trade, with every rag of sail set and all a-bellying.

She towed Timothy behind her like a pilot-boat—rather, he seemed sucked along in her wake by the wind of her passing.

And, if the Moons were the subjects of amused observation upon the part of some of the gay assembly, Timothy, at least, lost little of what there was to see. The flashy-looking women, wearing their daring specimens of the modiste's art, did not feaze Mr. Moon—nor did they particularly interest him.

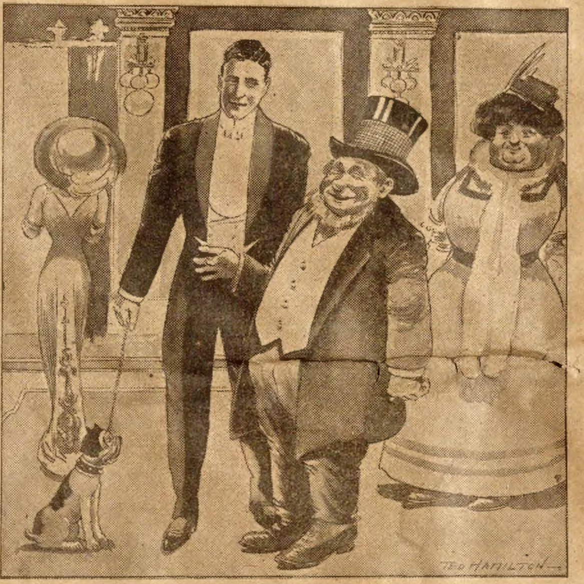
One girl who sat carelessly on a divan at one side—as long-lined and "leggy" as a colt—had her cloak thrown back, displaying not only a good deal of neck and lean shoulder, but a magnificent diamond necklace which sparkled and flashed almost dazzlingly under the electrics.

No woman could pass her without casting a covetous, or admiring glance at the diamonds, for woman has not yet "evoluted" from the barbarian state. But it was not the necklace that attracted Timothy's eye.

Around her slender wrist was a broad leather band, studded with brass rivet-heads. A bright chain of small steel links attached this leather band to the collar of a bandy-legged, stub-tailed, frog-featured bulldog, that eyed the fashionable world as it passed by with solemn disapproval.

"Sure, that's a fine dog," muttered Timothy. "It could bate Riley's—sure it could chew the head off'n anny mutt on the block." And never having been troubled with bashfulness, the old lighterman addressed the young woman with: "I say, miss, did ye ever fight th' beauty?"

"Sir?" was the cold-storage response, accompanied by a haughty look that would have transfixed a man with an epidermis thinner than that of a rhinoceros. But Timothy did not flag the tone of the ejaculation at all. He thought perhaps that she was a little deaf, and he raised his voice and repeated his question—to the edification of several groups near-by.



"He'd chew the head off'n Riley's mutt."

"Sure, he's got a smile on him like wan o' these 'Welcome' dure-mates," said Timothy. "He looks like, if trouble come his way, he'd mate it with a hug and a kiss. Riley's got a dog——"

The curious crowded up closer. Mahala was pulling the old man by his sleeve. The girl had risen, not a little distressed, when the dog gave a sudden lurch forward, straining at the chain. His stub of a tail wiggled ecstatically, his smile broadened until his ears wrinkled, and he fairly slobbered at the mouth. Every expression of that puppy's face and sleek body told the observer that he had sighted his master.

Through the crowd came swinging a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome young man—the kind you see always clean-shaven, well-dressed, and usually smoking a crooked-stemmed pipe. But he was now in evening dress and looked something like a sublimated head-waiter!

"Did Dingo give you any trouble?" he asked the girl, unbuckling the wrist band. "I'm sorry."

"Don't leave me again with that dog," she gasped. Then she flashed the undisturbed Timothy another stabbing glance. "There is the Count!" she said sharply.

The young fellow made an involuntary grimace. "I'd rather be seen in the company of a decent bulldog, than with that pup," he muttered, as the girl swept away to join a dark-haired, middle-aged man who came forward mincingly to meet her. But Timothy looked back at the dog.

"He's a fine critter," he said. "I know of a dog I'd like ter match him with. If this wan has the sand he looks ter have, he'd chew the head off'n Riley's mutt—and Riley is blowin' about his dog like a tugboat whistle."

The frank young man looked at the longshoreman with a smile. "You're something of a sport, are you, Pop?" he asked, easily.

"'Tis the Moons were alwus sports," declared Timothy. "And besides matchin' the dogs, I'd like ter match his master against Big Jim Buchanan. Jim's a big beef of a man, but if ye've the speed ye look to have, me bye, ye could handle him as aisy as a jute-sack."

"Come away! come away, Timmie!" whispered his wife, still tugging at his sleeve. "We do be the laughing-stock of the crowd."

The poor lady's face was very hot, and she wished she had not come. The tittering of the ill-mannered, but well-dressed bystanders cut her to the quick. But the dog's owner was as well-bred as the dog himself. With one swift glance he took in the situation, and he smiled a rare and reassuring smile upon the Moons.

"Mr. Moon, is it?" he asked. "And this is your good lady? I'm charmed to meet you, Mrs. Moon," and he cordially shook hands with Mahala. "We'll talk dog some other time, Mr. Moon. I judge you're here tonight for the entertainment upstairs?"

"The music-ale—yes," fluttered Mrs. Moon.

"Let me be of service to you," said the young man. He snapped his fingers to a passing bellboy, slipped the dog's leash and a coin into his hand, and led the Moons to the elevator.

Mrs. Moon could scarcely repress a scream when the car shot upward; but she was flattered by the young man's attentions. It was nearing half-past eight, and a crowd was surging toward the entrance to the assemblyroom where the concert was to be held.

They saw the tall, willowy girl with the diamond necklace leaning on the arm of the black-haired man. The young attendant of the Moons glanced once at the couple and scowled. The observant Timothy was "wise" at once, and he favored the black-haired man with more than a little attention.

At the door the girl passed in; the black-haired man stepped back to speak to another foreign-looking fellow—one that, were he to be seen in rough clothing and on a lonely street, a wise man would avoid.

Even Timothy was subdued by the furnishings of the long room, and by the fashionable attire and appearance of so many people. They followed the usher to their seats, and sat them down—Timothy on the aisle—and could only stare about them.

The tall girl was directly in front of them. The seat next to the aisle beside her was unoccupied. The young man appeared and leaned over her.

"Are you keeping the seat for any one, Sally?" he asked within the hearing of Mr. Moon.

"Yes. The Count is coming," said girl, coldly, giving him her shou while the diamonds glittered.

The young fellow threw back hi and walked away. "Plenty of muttered the philosophical Timot not the kind of a grip that the d ter have. Mebbe big Jim could after all!"

His attention wavered from and the diamonds, however. lenceroom filled up, and severa ants moved a huge piano forwa platform. Then the musician these people at his mercy for two hours, appeared—the usu haired imitator of the foreign His first classic exercise on th ment amazed Mrs. Moon; but was dreadfully bored.

"Ain't it wonderful, Timmi whispered, when there was a lit bred applause at the close.

"Sure, I hope he plays somethi he gits chuned up," growled her

The long-haired man rendere after number—all acrobatic exe the instrument, that the Moons unsophisticated to make believe derstood. The good lady's head whirl. What with her tight st unaccustomed load of hair, pounding of the piano, she felt a she were striving for a social t boiler factory!

Timothy searched his pockets sciously for his T. D.—that u comfort; but it was in his other

Suddenly there was a little bu a clack of tongues all over the h was just before that number on gram that preceded the intermisi long-haired man seated himself the long-suffering piano. The lig lowered, and he began somethin and shivery. The audience was p ly in darkness, while the pianist a dim and soulful gleam of light upon him from the wings. T called "effective."

But Timothy could see in the d a cat. Before the entertainm commenced, the dark man who w "the Count" had slid into the em beside the tall young woman. fidgeted there almost as much as Moon himself. He was nervous.

Now, with the lights lowered people about like moving shad old lighterman saw the gleam o hand at the nape of the girl Timothy leaned forward. The hand hovered but an instant; h hand seemed to be at the girl's her chin being lifted high as s her eyes upon the pianist. The body passed rapidly up the ai

The last notes of the pi through the room, the lights fl the pianist bowed and disappear versation broke out like the hu disturbed hive of bees. It was pu by a shrill scream.

The tall girl was clutching throat. The diamond collar had peared.

"It has been stolen!" ejacula Count. "It was taken in the crow you came in, Mees Sally."

"Oh, oh! who could have tak gasped the girl, staring around friends. "How could the thief here?"

"Thieves are everywhere," decl Count, shaking his head.

"And I did see a suspicious- man in the corridor," said the g whirled around to stare at Tim

Mrs. Moon sat with mouth open fled over the girl's loss. She even appreciate the fact that was held in some suspicion. then the handsome young shouldered his way to the spot.

"Are they gone, Sally?" he de "When did you miss them?"

"Just now, Robert. Oh, wh mother say!"

The poor girl was almost in t the young man was still b speech.

"You mean that you mis during that fool piece Karow with the lights down?" he ask

"I know I had them just be she wailed.

"And the Count was sitt beside you, Sally?"

The dark man sprang up, "What do you mean, sare?" he sn

"I mean it's mighty strange could have leaned over you an that necklace without your know returned the young fellow, coolly.

"Sare! You insult—Ha! yo search me. Do your worst!" sta the Count. Then he glared at T "But you will search that man, was quite as near Mees Sally."

Mrs. Moon aroused then to th fact. Her husband was suspe stealing the diamond collar!

"What?" she screamed. "My T Ye mean ter say he'd steal diam the neck of that foolish girl? craziest thing I ever heard."

She showed signs of hysterics. the women gathered aroun Timothy, unshaken, plucked the eyed young fellow by the sleeve him out of the crowd.

"'Tis no use searching yon fine me bye," whispered the old man, too willing to be searched."

"Ha!" exclaimed the young seeing a light.

"Tell me," said the longshorema

(Continued on page eightee

CHILD-WIFE'S CRIME;

Or, A HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

't 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

o. 50, Dec. 16. Subscriptions n with that issue, or back an be obtained from news r agents, or by mail from the ublication.

CHAPTER X.

THE THREAT.

HE day after the trial, Taylor had a talk alone with Dolores, Irene leaving them at his request.

"Dolores," he said, without any preamble, "now that you are free we must noughts to our future plans."

thought of them all night," red. "I will enter a convent

nt!" he cried, in surprise. t that the only refuge for the nd the heartbroken?"

not homeless, and if you will me the right, I will try to broken heart," he cried, his g the better of him at the at she might be forever lost hind the gloomy walls of a

get that I am married," she ed gently, her own heart his words.

get a divorce; you have more ent grounds."

ould not give me the right to Remember: 'What God has ether, let no man put asun-

mean to say that you think oined you to that man!"

looked up at him startled. st time it struck her that all were not made by God, but l or cupidity of man. In her felt that God had never joined uel Lopez, but rather that she orced to his arms through hu- Then she remembered the emony, the promises she had oaths she had taken, and she head as though to chase from he startling doubt as an evil She married, married until

vow," she answered sadly. m to the union."

sented, you a child of thir- you really know what you —what you were promising?" he looked up, struck by the He was right—she had not ious of the responsibility she . She had married Lopez be- had been afraid to do other- ause she was forced to do so her instinctive terror of the remained silent, not knowing nswer.

n't answer me, Dolores. Were ious of what you promised swore to love, honor, and

think I was," she admitted though against her will.

u call that a marriage!" he ou think that mockery of a which love alone should as binding in any way!"

theless lived almost six years e," she replied sadly.

the pity," he answered. "Since s you were never married to ylor!"

just what I say. You were in the eyes of God, yet to tuation in the sight of man e to secure a divorce to be of his legal claims on you."

ed a divorce to go into a e protested feebly, feeling olution waver beneath the easoning.

ot going into a convent," er, with sudden authority. oing to return with Irene he ranch, where we will both e you forget your sorrows of

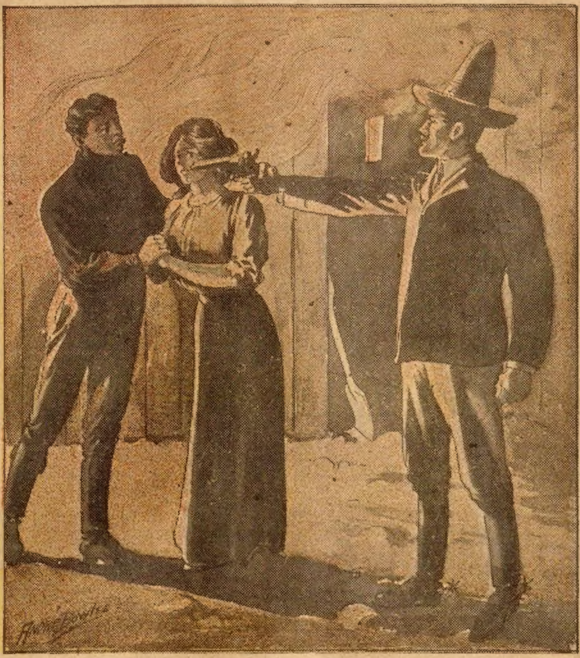
ould be impossible!" she cried. possible?"

first place, people would talk. ond, it would not be justice r divorced or not, I will never a second marriage as long as pez is alive. My religion for- well as my conscience, and I risk eternal damnation for the little earthly joy. No, my t; it is the only possible solu-

accents, the resolute look in upturned to his, showed him ng could move her or cause nge her mind, and as he rea- perhaps she would never be ove increased a million-fold. could not be parted from her; continue to have her by his him. In a second his mind up, and he said:

be as you say in regard to re- when once you are divorced, oes not prevent you from ac- e hospitality of our home."

t capacity could I accept it as a wife?" she answered.



I have kept my oath.

"As a friend and companion to my sister."

Her face wore a faint, bitter smile as she said: "Would the world believe it? You called me a child a while ago. Of the two you have the less reasoning power if you dream for one minute that outsiders would credit the purity and innocence of such an arrangement."

"What do we care for the opinion of the world? Let our conscience be our only guide. Consent to my arrangement, and I swear to you on the memory of my dead mother that I will treat you with the same respect I give my sister, burying my love in that respect."

"I believe you would be noble enough to keep such an oath, but how would either of us be the gainer? We would learn to care more and more for each other, and would suffer in consequence. We would stand in the light of your sister's happiness, for living with us, under an arrangement which the world would never believe to be pure, she would be placed in a false light and become a partaker of the shame which would soon be attached to our names. Miguel in court said you were my lover; our living under the same roof, without a marriage to legalize the situation, would prove that he was right."

"Then let the outward form, the legal contract of the marriage be performed, for the sake of the outside world; that need not change our relations to each other."

"Do you mean that you would consent to be my husband in name only?"

"I do."

"How you love me!" she cried, in the sudden joy that thrilled through her whole being. "Such a love merits a better recompense than the ruining of your life, and I will not be so selfish as to accept. When I am gone, you will in time learn to forget. Some other woman will come to you with an unfettered soul and a heart filled with love, and she will give you the happiness it is not in my power to give."

"Never! Even if you do not consent to a marriage with me, I shall never marry any one else. I shall remain free in case the time ever came when you could return to me. I will wait years if need be, but I will not give you up until death and even after that, if love is allowed to live beyond the grave."

She looked at him in fascinated amazement, then said: "This is madness!"

"No, it is love, real true love, the love of a lifetime; the love which destroys passion and gives devotion."

Moved by his words and his evident sincerity, she felt her resolution waver, and rising, she cried:

"Please, Ed, don't press the point further, for I might be selfish enough to yield, thereby ruining your life and blighting your hopes. It would be wrong to accept everything of you and give nothing in exchange. I can't, I must not do it. Don't tempt me."

This admission renewed his courage, and instead of ceasing his pleadings, he continued with redoubled force, determined to win, feeling sure that when once she was his wife in the eyes of the law, her religious scruples would be overcome by her love, and that the marriage would become a fact, not a mere form. It was not from merely selfish motives he acted thus, but as much for her sake as for his own, knowing that in him and through him alone could she ever obtain happiness and content. At last Dolores yielded enough to his pleadings to promise to think over his offer and give an answer the next morning. Sure that he had won, Taylor left her and joined Irene to whom he related his interview and his hopes for the future, the girl approving. Not having been raised in strict Catholic faith, she did not look upon divorce and remarriage in the same light as Dolores. Therefore, when her brother had finished his story, she said:

"You are doing just right. When she is your wife, and she is taken from the influence of priest and monk, she will view the situation as we do, and will not long withhold happiness from you. I will use all my influence to bear on her decision."

Thus it came to pass that Dolores, strong Catholic though she was, consented first to a divorce, and then to a marriage with Taylor. Lopez fought the divorce suit with all the power of his wealth and his influence with the Mexican government, but to no avail, Dolores winning out in this as she had done in the earlier trial. The simple story of her wrongs and Miguel's brutality gained her matrimonial freedom as readily as it had exonerated her from all blame in her attempt upon the tyrant's life.

The day after the divorce was granted, Miguel, filled with a powerless rage, wrote the following note to his former wife: "It is now war unto death, both on you and on the man you love. The day you marry him, that day signs the death warrant of both, a death such as only a man of my character can invent and execute."

Frightened, Dolores showed the missive to Taylor, who said: 'All the more reason for hurrying our marriage. I must have a legal right to protect you. You, Irene, and I leave tonight for the home of a distant cousin of my mother's, who lives in Nevada. We will be married the day of our arrival, and will return to the ranch as soon as our visit is over."

"No, no," she pleaded. "We must not do it. I know him; he will keep his word, even if he hangs for it."

KIDNEY REMEDY THAT ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

I have been a terrible sufferer for a number of years with kidney and liver trouble, also nervous prostration and health generally poor, constitution entirely run down until life became a burden. I tried physicians and every available remedy but found no relief. Was induced to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial, which acted like magic, and am happy to say that I believe I am entirely cured and now as good a man as ever.

I believe it my duty to make this public statement that I may help others who may be suffering from the same trouble. Swamp-Root is without question the greatest remedy in the world. Anyone in doubt of this statement or the authenticity can address me as below.

Yours very truly,
M. H. McCOY,
Van Wert, Ohio.

State of Ohio
Van Wert County } ss.

The foregoing statement sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 18th day of July, 1909, by the said M. H. McCoy.

A. C. GILPIN, Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
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Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Chicago Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

The "Long Panter."

"Age," said Willard Lewis in "Seven Days," "is not without honor even in this country. My little friend Mary, aged 14, was found one day by an elder sister sobbing and crying.

" 'What is the matter?' she asked, with great concern.

" 'Three boys have asked me to go to the dance tonight,' was the unexpected reply.

" 'Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune.'

" 'Yes, but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was a long-panter!' "

* * *

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

* * *

Truthful for Once.

"The latest agony," said a spendthrift to his dissipated companions, "is the way I felt this morning. My wife asked me for ten dollars, and I cut the matter short by telling her that it could not be done, for the simple reason that I had only a matter of fifty cents or so in my pocket.

" 'I knew you'd tell me that,' she said; 'and it's true, too.' And as I looked up in amazement she added: 'I looked in your pockets last night. I've got the ten-dollar note.'

"Fancy how I felt! But what could I do?"

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

What He Was Practicing.

When a leading citizen of the New Hampshire town returned thither after a prolonged sojourn abroad he made a tour of the place to find out how all his old friends were "getting along."

At one establishment he found a youth, the son of an old friend of his, whose father was still paying his office rent.

"Practicing law now, Jim?" asked the returned one genially.

"No, sir," replied the youth frankly; "I appear to be, but I am really practicing economy."

* * *

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS.

Hundreds of Ry. Mail Clerks, commencing at $800, will be appointed from Spring examinations everywhere. Interested readers should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. S-79, Rochester, N.Y. for examination schedule; free coaching and sample questions from previous examinations.

* * *

Time Limit Expired.

Mrs. Knagg—Perhaps you recall, it was on a train that we first met.

Mr. Knagg—Yes, but it's too late now to sue the company for damages.

"I will also keep mine, Dolores, and you must keep yours. You have promised to marry me under certain conditions, which I have accepted, and which I shall keep. I do not release you from that promise."

Thus it was that Dolores became Ed Taylor's wife. Used from childhood to giving up to the will of others, she had been unable to resist the combined persuasion of brother and sister, and she had yielded to their wishes because she had not the strength of character to resist, though she well knew that misery and misfortune would result. Irene, on reading Miguel's letter, had said to her brother:

"Do you think it wise to go against this man who will surely try to keep his oath to kill you?"

"Yes, because being prepared, I will be in a position to defeat his plans. I only hope he tries to make an attack upon me, for I shall then have the right to shoot him down, and Dolores will be free."

"I had not thought of that!" The girl, brave to the extreme, made no further objections, willing to run any risk in order that her brother might be happy.

Taylor, Dolores, and Irene, therefore, returned to the ranch, fearlessly announcing to all the marriage performed in Nevada, knowing that public opinion would sanction the match, and wishing Miguel to know that his orders had been disobeyed, that he might play his hand sooner and the suspense of waiting be spared them.

The week after the return of Taylor to the ranch with his bride, Lopez and his two servants left the villa at Lakeside without saying where they were going. Taylor had made his foreman his confidant in regard to the expected trouble, his love affair with Irene having progressed far enough so that Warren was now considered almost one of the family.

"We must be on the lookout, Charley," said Taylor, after receiving the information concerning Lopez. "Trouble is brewing, and we must not be caught napping, whatever form it takes."

"Trust the boys and me. We're with you to the finish."

But weeks passed and nothing happened, and the inhabitants of the Taylor ranch abandoned themselves to a dangerous security, neglecting the ceaseless precautions of the first days. This was just what Lopez was waiting for.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE.

After leaving Lakeside, Lopez had taken Ramona and Pedro to Tia Juana, where he had left them, saying to the old woman who upbraided him for his seeming inactivity in regard to his revenge:

"Have no fear, Ramona, they shall lose nothing by waiting. I want to be very sure of success before I make any attempt. Therefore I must bide my time, so that when I do strike the blow will be fatal."

"But I want to witness her punishment," said the vindictive old woman.

"So you shall. When the time is ripe, I will come for you and Pedro. Until then, remain here and wait patiently, being sure that I am not idle."

Thus reassured, Ramona said no more, and Miguel departed, going to Los Angeles. Immediately upon his arrival he looked up a private detective agency that had a shady reputation, saying to the manager without preamble or detour:

"I want a man whom I can trust—shrewd, unscrupulous, intelligent, willing to do anything for money. Have you such a man?"

"I can hardly say 'yes' to such a question," evasively answered the manager, "though I have a number of good detectives with me. Maybe some one of them would suit you."

Lopez understood the hidden meaning of the reply, for he said: "Very well, send me your best man this afternoon. I hire him for six weeks at your usual rates. Here is my address," and Miguel handed him a card of a well-known hotel, on the back of which he had written the name under which he had registered—"Senor Mendoza."

The detective came that afternoon, being at once shown to Lopez's room. He was evidently a smooth villain—crafty, shrewd, without principles or morals. At a glance Miguel saw that he was the man he wanted. After the detective had told him who had sent him, he asked abruptly: "Your name?"

"Wither."

"You know how to track down people, assume disguises, discover secrets?"

"It's my business, sir, and I believe I have made a record in my line."

"Could your conscience allow you to earn five hundred dollars above the salary given you by the agency?"

"It depends what risks I would run with the authorities," answered Wither, without committing himself. "A man doesn't offer such a sum these days without expecting a whole lot in return."

"I would not ask you to break any laws; simply not to be too straight-laced about certain things, being blind and deaf when I wish it thus!"

"Such a thing might be done if the sum offered were one thousand dollars," answered the detective, slowly.

"Would one thousand dollars win me your entire devotion and obedience without question or interference with what I might do myself, no matter what I did?"

"I would go you as far as the laws of the State allow. This statement would not restrict you overmuch, as a clever man can evade the law even while breaking it, you know."

"You're the man I want."

"Is it a private vengeance?"

"Yes. Listen to instructions."

"Go ahead."

"You, of course, know your business about disguises, impersonations and so forth?"

"I wouldn't be a detective if I didn't."

"Well, I want you to go at once to the Ed Taylor ranch, near Mesa Grande, and get engaged by him as one of his cowboys."

"Easy."

"Then you must make out an exact plot of the buildings, a diagram of the house, bunkhouse, locations of haystacks, corrals—everything in fact."

"Yes?"

"Then send it to me by registered mail, together with the number of men employed on the place, where they sleep, what arms they carry."

"All right."

"Ten days after the sending of this information you are to go to Mesa Grande postoffice for a letter, which will give you further instructions."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, with the exception that you must try to win the confidence of both men and owner."

"I always do that."

"Then there is no more for the present. After this week you must address me in care of the general delivery, Tia Juana."

"Same name as here?" asked the detective, wishing to show that he had guessed that his employer had given him an assumed name.

"Yes," answered Miguel, thus closing the interview.

That night Wither left for Mesa Grande; three weeks later he had secured employment with Taylor; a week later he had gathered all the information desired by Lopez and had sent it to him by registered mail as directed.

While his man was thus busy, Miguel had not been idle. Having returned to Tia Juana, he had asked Pedro: "Did you not spend five years in jail while I was at college?"

A dusky flash of anger and shame flamed up on the young Mexican's cheek, as he answered sullenly: "What's that to you?"

"I want to know. I have a dim recollection that such was the case, though I did not pay much attention at the time."

"It wasn't the poor boy's fault," began Ramona. "He killed a man in a fight, and——"

"I don't care to know the whys and wherefores. I simply want to know if he did time?"

"Well, yes, and I'm ready to do the same thing over again, if I have like provocation. Prison does not make better men. On the contrary," snarled Pedro, viciously.

"You became acquainted with some of your fellow prisoners?"

"Yes. Why these questions?"

"You will know when I'm through. Have you kept up the acquaintance with any of them since getting out?"

"With several."

"Are they men that money could buy?"

"Most of them, yes."

"Could you lay hands on half a dozen of them?"

"I believe I could locate a dozen or more."

"Very well. Look them all up, and have them come here. I will soon be in need of determined men, men who fear neither God nor devil, men who are ready for anything, if there is enough money in it."

"Oh, I understand!" cried Ramona. "You must get them for the master, Pedro, and must not lose a second."

"It will take money," said Pedro, still frowning. Those years in prison, for what he considered to be an act of simple justice, had rankled in his soul like a barbed arrow.

"I am ready to spend it freely. Here is my purse. It contains several hundred dollars of American money, that should be enough to secure the services of the men and their passage here. The reward I will arrange for myself."

By the time Wither had secured and sent the plans of the Taylor ranch, Pedro had returned to Tia Juana with his jailbirds—desperate characters, every one of them—outlaws without home or country, having nothing to lose except their lives, and life in nearly every case had not been happy enough to be highly valued. Lopez had them stop in an ill-famed tavern, there to await orders, the one injunction given them being to keep out of trouble until their present work was done. They were fifteen in number, but from point of experience as well as viciousness of character, they were worth twenty-five ordinary men.

When Miguel received Wither's plans and information, he gave a start of joy. There were only six cowboys at the Taylor ranch beside Taylor and the foreman—eight men in all—while his band would number seventeen, for he felt sure that Wither would not take active part in hostilities one way or the other. With these odds in his favor he could not see how it would be possible for him to be defeated.

Taking Pedro and Ramona into his confidence, Lopez arranged the final details of his plans. He would have the men secured by Pedro diguise themselves as Mission Indians, make an attack upon the ranch at midnight, set fire to the buildings, and in the fight which would follow, capture Taylor and Dolores, taking them off to some lonely spot in the mountains where he could mete out his vengeance.

This could be done without risk, as the Indians would be accused of the crime and the authorities would not look further for the guilty parties. Ramona and Pedro approved, and so it was decided, Lopez mailing his instructions to Wither, telling him to meet him at a certain crossroad in the forest, which extended between the ranch and Mesa Grande. Ramona, dressed in men's clothes, started out ahead to buy the Indian outfits, so that everything would be in readiness when Miguel and Pedro arrived, with the men divided into two separate camping parties, which would meet as by accident near the crossroad indicated by Wither. Before the end of the following week, everything—men and disguises—were on the ground, ready to make the attack when the time was ripe.

Wither came on the appointed day, meeting Miguel at the crossroad, the two men riding into the thickets in order that they might be secure from observation of any chance passer-by.

"Well, how is it at the ranch?" Lopez asked.

"All right for you, I suppose. The foreman, Charley Warren, left with two men and a bunch of cattle for San Diego. He has been gone almost a week."

"When will they be back?" asked Miguel, a flash of joy lighting his eye.

"In a day or two, as soon as the cattle are shipped, one of the men going with them to Frisco."

"How many men are at the ranch now beside yourself?"

"Taylor and three cowboys."

"The women are still there?"

"Yes."

"Very well, we'll make the attack tonight."

"Oh, see here!" cried Wither, in sudden alarm. "It was understood that I was not to be asked to take part in anything which would be against the law."

"Nor will you be. Leave the ranch before night, and return to Los Angeles. I have no further need of you."

"But the reward?"

"You already have half of it. Here is the other half," replied Miguel, handing Wither a fat wallet.

The detective took it, opened it, and very deliberately counted the greenbacks it contained. When he saw that the sum was correct, he said as he pocketed the money:

"I will not return to the ranch, but will drive on to Mesa Grande, where I will pretend to get on a good old drunk. In that way, my connection with the affair will not be suspected."

"That is your business. Good-by."

Lopez turned his horse and rode away without once looking around, leaving the detective gazing after him in surprise at the abrupt leave-taking. Then Wither drove on to Mesa Grande, where he did more than pretend to get drunk, having to be led staggering back to his room.

It was the half hour after midnight. All were asleep at the Taylor ranch, the men in the bunkhouse having retired earlier than usual that night. Then, stealthily among the trees which surrounded the buildings, there appeared dark figures stealing cautiously forward, each carrying a big armful of hay or dry branches. These they piled up around the buildings, some of the men climbing on ladders and scattering some of the hay on the flat roofs of the house and of the bunkhouse. One man, standing behind a giant oak in the yard facing the house, was directing this midnight activity. They worked thus for over an hour in noiseless hurry; then the man beside the tree said to one of the other men who had come up for orders:

"You can have the buildings fired now, Pedro, then see that each man takes the position assigned him, and be sure to follow instructions to the letter."

Pedro, in the disguise of a Mission Indian, hurried away, while Miguel turned to another Indian who stood by his side, saying, with a devilish laugh: "I suppose you are satisfied, Ramona?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the hag. "You are doing your duty. A Lopez has never yet been injured without revenge. I know, for my people have served yours for several generations."

Even while they spoke, thick volumes of smoke, lighted here and there by a reddish glow, began to come from buildings and haystacks. Then the whole burst into a mass of flames, as the frightened cry of "Fire!" rang from the ranch house, repeated the next minute by two other cries in shrill female voices.

Taylor, awakened suddenly by the smoke and crackling of the fire on the dry roof and around the walls of the house, had leaped out of bed, and looking out of the window, saw that all the ranch buildings and haystacks were burning. Again he called his warning of "Fire" out of the open window for the benefit of the men in the bunkhouse; then he rushed to the room, where his sister and Dolores slept. The two women, awakened at the same time as

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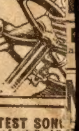

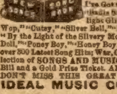

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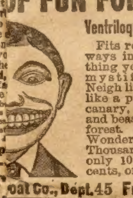

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himself, were rushing out as he reached their door.

"Take time to dress," he ordered, "but do not try to save anything."

Irene, calmed by his voice, her native courage reasserting itself after the first startled terror, took charge of her more timid companion, saying to her brother: "I'll take care of Dolores. Go dress yourself."

Taylor returned to his room, dressing rapidly and going occasionally to the window to repeat his call of "Fire" to arouse his sleeping cowboys. It was not necessary. The men, awakened by the suffocating smoke from the burning roof, had rushed out of the building, carrying their clothes with them, and had dressed outside, one of the men returning to the house to get the guns, which in the first panic they had left behind. When Taylor brought the two trembling women out of the ranch house, he saw that his men were busy saving the ponies from the burning barn and corrals.

"Stay here," he said to Irene and Dolores. "I must go to help the boys."

He was rushing away, when a hoarse cry of boundless terror from Dolores caused him to pause. Back of the giant oak she had just caught sight of her husband and of Ramona.

"What is it?" asked Taylor returning.

"My husband!" she breathed hoarsely, pointing to the tree.

Lopez, seeing he was discovered, gave the signal, a shrill whistle. In a second, from all sides at once, came Pedro's men disguised as Indians, covering the group with their six-shooters. Ramona, in fiendish joy, advanced with them, almost mad with the intoxication of her coming revenge on Dolores, whom she had hated from the first, because she had won Miguel's love from her. Taylor had left his gun behind in the house. He saw he was helpless, yet he would not yield. Standing before the two women, protecting them with his body, he called out to the cowboys: "Fire boys, and shoot straight."

They heard him, one of them calling out in answer: "Down in front; we don't want to hit you."

Taylor pulled the two women to their knees, just as a rapid fire from the corral felled three of Miguel's men. The others turned to shoot, but the cowboys were already hiding back of trees, and the bullets buried themselves harmlessly in the bark. Another volley of shot from three six-shooters, and three more men bit the dust.

"Run to cover!" cried out Ramona to Miguel, standing before him, shielding him with her body.

It was not a minute too soon, for a bullet struck the old woman full in the chest. She reeled forward, unable to speak, her eyes alone bidding an eternal farewell to the idol she had worshiped since his birth. Then she fell in a heap to the ground—dead.

Miguel saw his danger and took refuge behind the tree. This, together with the murderous fire coming from the corrals, caused the men to retreat, hiding here and there back of shrub or tree, until in the open there remained only Taylor and the two women crouching on their knees, the brilliant flames from the burning buildings lighting up the tragic group.

"Shall we kill them, boss?" asked a voice from back of a palm.

"No!" screamed back Miguel, more frightened by that question than he would have been by a bullet wound. "I must have that man and woman alive."

Suddenly the shooting from back of the trees near the corral ceased, Taylor's cowboys were out of ammunition, having left their supply in the bunkhouse. For a second they remained inactive, appalled by the apparent hopelessness of the situation, but their brains quick to work and rapid to decide in the face of danger, hit upon the same plan at once, though each was separated from the other. They must escape, arouse the country, and return to rescue Taylor and the women, if it was not too late. In the corrals were the saddles which they had thrown out of the burning barn when they had gone to rescue the ponies. Leaping as one man from under cover, they ran to the saddles, threw them over their backs as shields, and ran for the thicket of woods to the left.

"After them, boys!" ordered Lopez in Spanish. "Kill them! Stop them! They must not give warning, or we are lost!"

Thus urged, Miguel's desperadoes started in pursuit, firing as they went. One of the cowboys fell wounded, but the other two reached cover and lost themselves among the trees, throwing the now useless saddles away, and running in an opposite direction, finally evading their pursuers by climbing a tree, and there waiting until the latter had left the woods and returned to the ranch with the report that they had escaped.

Pedro, Miguel, and two other men had remained behind, keeping Taylor and the two women under cover of their guns, so that it would be impossible for them even to attempt to escape. A nameless despair raged through the young stockman's heart. Here he was, powerless to defend these two women who were more precious to him than life. He had well guessed that his men had not abandoned him. They had gone for help, but would they return in time to save them? That was the torturing question. Dolores, who in the very height of the danger had regained her calm, said to Taylor: "Give me up to him; that is all he wants."

"I may be forced to do so," moaned Taylor, "but willingly, never! Wherever you go, I go, even if it be to death."

Miguel, knowing that his victims were in his power, advanced to them. Taylor and the women had risen to their feet, now that the shooting had ceased. Looking at them with folded arms he announced menacingly:

"I have kept my oath. You did not heed my warning, so you now must take the consequence."

Taylor opened his mouth to answer, taking two steps toward the man, his fist clinched, his eyes murderous with despair and rage, but Irene pulled him back as Pedro placed his six-shooter in his face.

"You can do nothing," she said, wonderfully calm and collected. "Wait and hope," she added in a whisper.

"Miguel," pleaded Dolores, "I only am to blame. Let your anger fall on me alone."

But Miguel laughed derisively as he answered: "I alone am the judge as to whom shall be punished and how."

The men who had been pursuing Taylor's men returning at this moment with the report that the latter had escaped, showed Lopez the danger there was in remaining longer on the ranch. He therefore gave orders that the prisoners be bound and placed on horses, and the band departed, leaving dead and wounded behind with the burning buildings.

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

R. F. D. Perils.

A mother bear with a Bat Nelson battle gleam in her eye and an Ad Wolgast fighting crouch, and her two little cubs, held up Uncle Sam's mail in the road between Sandy and Marmont, Oregon, and gave C. M. Bailey, rural mail carrier on the route, the time of his life when he accepted her challenge.

Bailey was driving leisurely along toward Sandy in his mail wagon behind his two sturdy horses, when the bear popped into sight as he rounded a curve. She was standing on her haunches in the middle of the road in a distinctly belligerent attitude, her cubs frisking about her. Bailey was so surprised that he pulled up his horses and waited for developments.

He didn't have to wait very long. With a growl and a flourish of her forepaws, the bear made for the mail carrier, the cubs waddling along after her on all fours. Bailey's horses snorted in terror at this unexpected move by Mother Bruin, and whirled about in the road so sharply that the wagon was upset and mail and mail carrier spilled out in the dust.

As Bailey picked himself up he pulled his automatic revolver out of his pocket and fired at the bear, which was almost on him. The bullet went true, and she rolled over in the road, snarling and clawing. She seemed to have enough of battle, for the next minute she picked herself up and scampered off into the woods with the cubs, leaving a trail of blood behind her.

As soon as the shaken Bailey could collect himself he caught his horses, which had stopped after running a short distance down the road, and, with the aid of a party of autoists that came along soon after, he righted his wagon and hitched up.

* * *

Tips for Conductors.

The street car system of Germany is distinguished from that of any other country by the practice on the part of a large proportion of the passengers of giving the conductor a tip, says the New York Sun. The average fare on the German street cars is 10 pfennigs, the equivalent of 2 cents, but one-third of the passengers give another cent as gratuity to the conductor when he hands them over their ticket. This is usually done by women, probably with the vague idea of securing the championship of the conductors in case of unpleasantness of any sort. That the tips amount to a considerable sum in the course of a year was shown by a trial at Hamburg arising out of a dispute between the street car company and one of its conductors, in which the court estimated the tips at about $90 in the course of twelve months. The existence of the custom of tipping on the part of the public was assumed by the court from the comparatively low wages paid to the conductors as compared with the drivers.

* * *

Travelers' Don'ts.

Don't talk so all the passengers can enjoy your conversation.

Don't take strangers into your confidence.

Don't be afraid to inquire the way if you are bewildered.

Don't wipe the dust off the car window with your elbow.

Don't forget that courtesy gets better returns than tips; though this may be hard to believe, try it.

Don't let your children inflict themselves on your traveling companions.

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Rider Agents Wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. Write for special offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models $10 to $27
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TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. Write now.
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AGENTS $18 Weekly, collecting names, soliciting, delivering; Pillowtop portraits, pictures, frames; new plans free. Family Portrait Co., B. W. Wayne, Ill

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TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx. Q14, Danville, Va.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound Year's contract.
IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS
Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo

WANTED A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. $50 to $300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 607 Association Building, Indianapolis, Indiana

AGENTS Make $30 per Wk. This AWL sews a lock stitch like a machine. Best thing ever made for repairing Harness, Shoes, etc. A dozen exclusive features. Demand is immense. Sales astounding. Roy Sage writes "Rec'd Awl today sold 5 in 15 min." L. Perrine says "Sold 9 on way home with sample." Lowest price, biggest profit, greatest value, quick sales. Drop everything and write for sample and instructions.
ANCHOR MFG. CO. Dept. 842 DAYTON, O.

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A complete Light Plant weighing 7 lbs. Portable, absolutely safe, 300 C.P.; brilliant light ⅛ cent per hour; saves 90% of your light bill.
AGENTS—Write for Special Offer on complete line of gasoline lights and systems. Over 200 different styles. Highest quality. Lowest prices. Exclusive territory for capable town, county and travelling salesmen; 72-page illustrated catalog free. Write today
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makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.
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An entirely new Lamp Burner. Changes ordinary kerosene illumination into beautiful large white light. Rivals gas or electricity. Scientifically made. Beats the old style lamp. Not a mantle. Can't break.
BIG PROFITS Easy to show; quick to sell. $8 to $10 daily for you. Experience unnecessary. Sample outfit 35c prepaid. Particulars FREE.
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The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of over

1,000,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Women can make up without quarreling.

A man can't kick if his monument is a put up job.

The wise manicure never hits the nail on the head.

An elastic conscience is apt to fly back and sting you.

A fool and his money attract a multitude of affinities.

Many a man passes the age of discretion before reaching it.

And one touch of fashion makes a lot of women look like freaks.

If you want to hear a woman cackle tell her that she looks chic.

If a woman is afraid of losing her hair she might lock it up in a safe.

Just when a man has nothing to say he is asked to make a speech.

A woman falls in love gracefully, but a man usually stumbles into it.

The easiest way to acquire a fortune is to inherit it from your father.

Figures on the prohibition vote come under the head of dry statistics.

The average woman's idea of a friend is some one she can impose upon.

And the love of money is also the root of much matrimony and all alimony.

Let a man talk of himself and he cares not if the whole world stops to listen.

The mother-in-law joke goes in the funny papers, but it falls flat at home.

Every woman would study geography if the boundary lines were hemstitched.

The woman who knows how to make toothsome pie never has to advertise for a husband.

Many a man's idea of a good sermon is one that isn't strenuous enough to interfere with his nap.

A woman may not be able to make a fool of every man she meets, but she can make something just as good.

Sooner or later, however, you will discover that your friends do not think as much of you as you think they do.

Ask a young mother how old the baby is, and she will answer in detail—giving the exact number of months, weeks and days.

If a man thinks he knows it all we can't help feeling sorry for the misguided individual who undertakes to convince him that he doesn't.

PICKLED PEPPERS

That Thumb Mark.

A parson had a fine orchard, and, one summer, just when the Bertillon system of finger prints came out, the orchard was robbed. The only clew left was the robber's finger print on an over-ripe peach. The parson had a photographic enlargement of the finger print made. Then, with this enlargement under his arm, he accosted in the main street the man whom he suspected of the theft. "Pete," he said, "somebody robbed my orchard last night." Pete took his pipe from his mouth. He gulped nervously. "Is that so, sir?" he said. "Yes, Pete, that's so," said the parson; "but this thief left his mark behind and I shall trace him." "Yes, sir?" said Pete huskily, and he cleared his throat. "Yes. Do you see this, Pete?" And the preacher held before the man's eyes the huge enlargement of the finger print. Peter beholding the photograph, made a gesture of despair. "I see there ain't no use denyin' wot I done," he said. "Ye got the bulge on me, parson. I pinched yer fruit and no mistake. But I certainly would like to know, though, where ye got that there impression of my corduroy pants."

◆

Came From a Good Family.

He was a gentler specimen of his class than one usually meets, and when he made his appeal for something to eat at the kitchen door he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire. As he sat there she said:

"You don't look as though you had always been a tramp."

"I haven't," he replied, without offense. "I came from a very good family."

She let him eat without interruption, but after he had finished she said:

"You say you came from a good family. May I ask the name?"

"It was Blankleigh," he responded.

"Why," she said, in surprise, "that's the name of the occupant next door to us."

"Yes," he replied. "I noticed it on the doorplate. That's why I came from that family. He threw me down his steps just before I called here."

◆

A Grand Stove.

A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the house had lighted the oven, the broiler and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks, and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply. "And dat air gas stove—Oh my! Why, do you know, Miss Florence, dat fire ain't gone out yit."

◆

Did Not Fill the Bill.

Old Lady—There is one thing I notice particularly about that young man who calls to see you. He seems to have an inborn, instinctive respect for woman. He treats every woman as though she were a being from a higher sphere, to be approached only with the utmost delicacy and deference.

Granddaughter (sweet eighteen)—Yes, he's horridly bashful.

◆

A Reconsidered Verdict.

Hank Hoss of Tin Can was accused of stealing a mule, but the trial jury's verdict was "not guilty." This disgusted the spectators and the Judge and the Judge said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have erred grievously. Go back, reconsider the evidence and see if you cannot give us a verdict in accordance with right and justice." The jury retired a second time. They were out about ten minutes. On their return the Judge said: "And now, gentlemen, your verdict is?" "Guilty," said the foreman. A sigh of relief went up from the crowded court and the Judge remarked: "Correct! We hanged him two hours ago."

◆

He Felt Sure.

Gobsa Golde, the well-known club man, was found by a police officer, very late one night, in a pitiable state of intoxication. The wretched fellow stood beneath a lamppost, which he was kicking with might and main.

Slightly amused, the policeman watched him a moment. Then he said:

"Here, sir, what are you doing, there!"

No reply. Only—bang, bang, bang—Gobsa dealt the lamppost three more kicks.

"What are you doing?" repeated the policeman.

Gobsa delivered another volley of very furious kicks, and then, looking up, said: "Oh, I know she's in all right, 'cause there'sh—hic—a light upstairs."

◆

Marjorie's Decision.

Three little girls were playing. The mother of one came into the room and engaged the children in conversation.

"Marian, what are you going to be when you grow up?" she asked.

"I am going to be a famous singer," she replied.

"And you, Susie, what are you going to be?"

"Oh I am going to write stories when I grow up," she answered.

"And what is Marjorie to be?" continued the mother.

Marjorie, aged 5, thought seriously a moment and then said: "Well, I am not sure, but I think I'll be a widow."

◆

To be Sure!

Once during the war Senator Wigfall, a member of the Confederate Congress from Texas fell in with a party of Union soldiers.

The senator, being well disguised, conversed freely with the Unionists, asking them, among other things, "what they'd do with old Wigfall if they caught him."

"We'd string him up," the soldiers answered promptly.

"Serve him right, too!" said Senator Wigfall, "and, by gum, if I were there I'd be pulling one end of the rope myself."

◆

Hoping Against Hope.

Lord Londonderry tells a tale which conveys its own moral about an Irishman in his employ. 'Twas on the everlasting subject of Ireland's wrongs. "We'll not get home rule for ould Oireland," said this son of Erin, "till Germany, France, Russia and America give them blayguards of Englishmen a good bating." After a pause he added proudly: "And, begor, t' whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it! 'Oh, it's the grand navy we've got!"

◆

He Was Ready.

There was recently haled into an Alabama court a little Irishman to whom the thing was a new experience. He was, however, unabashed, and wore an air of a man determined not to get the worst of it.

"Prisoner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

Whereupon the Celt looked the men in the box over very carefully and with a skilled eye.

"Well, I tell ye," he finally replied, "Oi'm not exactly in trainin', but Oi could pull off a round or two with that fat old boy in th' corner."

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 20 cents per word.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Average $90 per month. Every second week off—full pay. Spring examinations everywhere. Write for free sample questions. Candidates prepared free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S-31, Rochester, New York.

WANTED—3,000 Railway Mail Clerk students immediately. Make $1,600 yearly. Examination soon. Write today for Free Lesson. Ozment, K, St. Louis, Mo.

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WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT an honest, industrious man or woman in every locality to represent me. Clean, dignified work. Good income assured. Write me today. Treasurer, Dept. A, Adams Bldg., Boston, Massachusetts.

LINEN Heel and Toe Guaranteed Hosiery direct from mill to wearer. All styles and qualities. Splendid opportunity for live agents. Customers waiting. Reorders insure permanent increasing income. Exclusive territory. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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EASY seller, $6 to $10 a day. Men everywhere wild over it. Two in one sharpens dullest razor. Binding guarantee given. Just our wonderful, mysterious; nothing like it. Write or send $1 for sample on ten days' trial. Money refunded if not satisfactory. The Uni-Hone Strop Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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CUBA—Richest soil. Ideal climate. Abundant rainfall. Cheapest transportation. Literature free. Sanderson, Palace Bldg., Minneapolis.

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CONCRETE, old established monthly magazine, of more than 100 pages. Tells the HOWS in all concrete construction. Sample copy ten cents. Address Concrete, 7 Saturday Night Building, Detroit, Mich.

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RAGTIME Piano Playing taught by mail. Write for free booklet. Christensen Musical College, 522 Western Avenue, Chicago.

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BLOOD HOUNDS— Bear, Fox, Deer, Wolf Hounds. Trained. Illustrated catalogue four cents. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Kentucky.

ONE Hundred Single Comb Red Pullets and 40 Cockerels from prize stock to make room for season's matings. H. R. Crane, Grafton, Illinois.

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$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, New York.

PRINTING INKS, any color, 10c. Bronzes, Cards, Type, etc. Printers' Exchange, 958 W. Harrison, Chicago, Ill.

HALF off on Watches and Silverware. Save dealer's discount. Catalog free. Bonnell & Co., Harrison County, Tippecanoe, Ohio.

$45.00 PHONOGRAPHS $12.00; 35c records 10c; $100.00 Typewriters $9.75; $210.00 Motorcycles $89.00. Knights, 216 Twelfth St., St. Louis, Missouri.

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MARRY. Get a wife. Names. Addresses. Over 200 pretty girl members who wish to marry, for 25c. Be first. Address Companions Corresponding Club, Boaz, Ky.

The secret of financial success—count every cent and make every cent count.

Marrying a Title;

Or, LOVE THAT TRIUMPHED

By Weldon J. Cobb

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Begun in No. 52, Dec. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THE young man at the desk turned in a quick, somewhat startled way, as the swish of a silken garment announced an intruder. At first a hopeful expression crossed his face. Evidently he was thinking of some one. A shade of disappointment on his fine features succeeded. Then, a trifle embarrassed, but with perfect courtesy, he arose.

"Miss Vansant," he murmured.

"No, no, be seated," she said at once, and herself sank into a chair facing him. "I expected to find my father here."

"I will summon him, Miss Vansant," began Ashley, but Blanche reached out her snowy bejeweled hand and prevented his own from touching the call button sunk in the handsome mahogany desk.

"But if you wished to see him——"

"Did I say that?" interrogated Blanche in a soft, laughing tone. "I said I expected to find father here. It is nothing important. But while I am here, I must call you to task."

The splendid battery of her glances, the subtle perfume from her face and hair, the caressing smile she could so well affect, were all in play. The man could not but be conscious that this woman was bent on making a friendly impression upon him.

"I hope I am not the culprit you intimate," he said.

"But you are," insisted Miss Vansant playfully. "We have not seen you at our house for two, three—oh, I do not know how many months."

"I cannot believe you have missed me."

"I seem to recall your absence, do I not?" insinuated Miss Vansant, with a bewitching smile.

"I called twice after—after your last kind invitation," explained Ashley in a half-stumbling way, "and found you away from home."

"I must plead very pressing engagements," smoothly asserted the beauty. "Let us forget that, and begin all over again."

A grave, firm expression came into the eyes of the young man. Perhaps when he first knew her such an invitation would have thrilled him. Now? He recoiled like a child once singed by the flame.

"I fear I would be only a slight accession to your social circle, Miss Vansant," he said bluntly.

"But you must come," insisted Blanche, bringing all the powers of her fascinations to sway the reluctant Ashley. "Let us say—this evening?"

"I am sorry," replied Ashley steadfastly, "but I have an engagement."

"Then I will send you word for a later but near date," declared Miss Vansant positively and with an enticing smile. "Outside of the social pleasure, Mr. Ashley, you and father and I might consider some important matters needing discussion."

"I am always at Mr. Vansant's service," bowed Ashley quite coldly.

The haughty beauty bit her lip. This was a positive rebuff. The next moment her brow darkened. As she arose to leave the room, her eye chanced to fall upon a torn sheet of paper. It showed a note begun, a blot, and the abandonment of the sheet. It read: "My dear Miss Henderson."

"I shall see you soon again," said Blanche, in a tone unruffled, while new rage was eating at her heart.

"Another block in my path!" she hissed furiously, as she regained the mansion. "Florence—Florence Henderson! Is that the secret of his coldness toward me?"

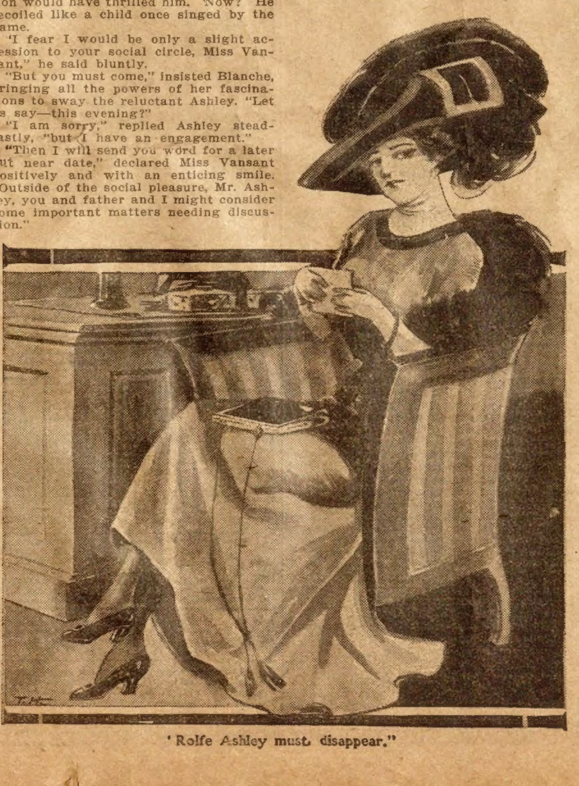
Her quick mind accepted the natural suggestion that Ashley was corresponding with her girl cousin. Absorbed in her own gay social life, Blanche had paid little attention to Rolfe Ashley of recent months, less to the modest, quiet cousin who took little part in fashionable functions. She recalled how Ashley had been entertained more than once by Florence during her absence from the house. She had intentionally avoided Ashley. He had taken up with a new flame, it seemed.

Intense jealousy burned in the soul of the wilful beauty. She was nettled at the cool behavior of Ashley. Blanche had reigned a queen supreme, now her domination was questioned, more, broken. Pique and determination compelled her more than ever to carry out her design and win Ashley for herself.

She made a casual inquiry of the housemaid as to the mail received during the day, but with a definite purpose in view. What information she gleaned prompted her to believe that a letter had been received by Florence that day.

It had been a troublous afternoon for Miss Vansant. Later, at dinner, she had scanned her cousin's face critically. Once, as if casually, she brought up the name of Rolfe Ashley. She noted the effect of this in the momentary timorous confusion of her cousin. Satisfied now that she had a rival, Blanche kept her eye on Florence. Just at dusk, the latter stole quietly from the house, as if for a short stroll.

This Blanche was expecting, for she knew that Rolfe was not in the habit of calling upon her cousin at the house. Miss Vansant was prepared to follow the object of her suspicion so as not to attract attention. She was deeply veiled, and as Florence left the vicinity of the house, her cousin kept pace with her on the other side of the street.



'Rolfe Ashley must disappear."

Florence Henderson had been a member of the Vansant household for two years. Her father, a man of wealth and a widower had gone to South America with some promoters who had received a concession for a railroad in the Andes. He was said to have invested a great deal of money in the scheme, and was reported lost on an interior lake in a great tropical storm. Florence was only 16 when he left her to the care of the Vansants. It was supposed that John Vansant held some property in trust for her, which he was to turn over to her when she became 18 years of age, which time was now near at heand.

The Vansants had never been congenial to Florence. She was of a gentle, retiring nature, and had soon discovered the false nature of Blanche and the selfish, money-loving characteristics of her father. Florence was treated as a member of the household, but was waiting only to attain her legal majority to leave Irondale, and make her own way in the world in the lines of music and drawing, in which she showed considerable talent.

Blanche followed Florence until she came to a small public park. Her cousin, now leading the way at a more leisurely pace, came to a rustic bench set against some dense shrubbery, and seemed to await patiently the arrival of some one whom she expected.

Miss Vansant had the instinct of the true detective or eavesdropper. She got behind the shrubbery unobserved, and under complete shelter crouched down in the grass and awaited developments. Her eyes flashed ominously, as after a time a manly form came down the graveled walk.

"Rolfe Ashley!" murmured Blanche. "I was not wrong, then, in my suspicion."

"Young Ashley greeted Florence with a pleased face, and she gave him a shy, blushing welcome as he took her hand and sat down beside her.

"You are very kind to grant me a last interview," he said in a grateful tone.

"A last interview?" repeated Florence, falteringly.

This was news even to Blanche, and she bent closer and listened intently.

"I—I am surprised. I am—sorry," murmured Florence, and her face was troubled and downcast.

"It is best that I should go away," continued Rolfe. "My business surroundings are not harmonious, and I can say truly that the methods of the Vansant establishment do not suit my ideas of valid financial ethics There is an element of chance, risk, and speculation in the business. Again, my compensation is very poor, with no particular future ahead. I am sure I can do better in some larger establishment and city."

"I think that is true," said Florence, "but I shall miss you, Mr. Ashley."

"Will you, indeed?" asked Rolfe, bending nearer to her, and his tone became tender and earnest. "When I have made a success, I may come back to ask you if you have not forgotten me."

Florence looked down timidly and did not speak.

"But I must not speak of that now," proceeded Rolfe. "You have been my dear little friend—a comfort to me, indeed, in my lonely life. I wish to keep up a correspondence with you. May I hope that such an arrangement will be agreeable to you?"

"I shall be happy to hear from you—often. I—I shall feel it a pleasure to write to you," faltered Florence.

"I wish to intrust you with some family keepsakes which I value very highly," continued Rolfe. "I fear I might lose them in the possible shifting about. I know I can intrust them with you. When I return, it will be a great satisfaction to me to know that they have been in the loyal hands of the dearest little friend in the world."

There could be no mistaking the loving tenderness in his tone. Involuntarily the emotional Florence swayed toward him. He simply pressed her hand gently, arose, offered his arm, and they strolled away from the spot.

The gleaming glance of Blanche had taken in every movement of the twain. She had seen Rolfe hand Florence a long narrow package. The girl held it closely in her grasp, as though it were a treasured trust—a bond of fidelity and affection between them.

"So," hissed the haughty beauty, "he has transferred his affection to her! So much the worse for both!"

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

It was the second day after the meeting of Rolfe and Florence in the little city park. Blanche Vansant came into the mansion from a brief interview with her father. Her resourceful brain had been at work actively during the past

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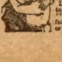

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forty-eight hours, and the expression of her face, now in repose and off guard, showed that she was serious, thoughtful, perhaps anxious.

This woman now held in her strong, wilful hands the chain that bound four human destinies—her own, the fate of her father, the happiness of Rolfe Ashley and of innocent Florence Henderson. Her perverse, changeable nature had settled down to one resolve, however. This was that she would win Rolfe Ashley's love. She had considered all of the points of importance in her plots, and was deceiving her father as to her real intentions. Now she was about to attempt a new duplicity in regard to her unsuspecting cousin.

Blanche sought out the maid and drew her to one side.

"Is my cousin in the house?" she inquired.

"No, miss," replied the maid.

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"I think to buy some artist's materials," was the reply.

"When did she leave?"

"About five minutes since."

Blanche went up the stairs and tried the door of the room occupied by Florence. It was locked.

"Guarding her precious treasure and her secrets, is she?" sneered the siren. "Fortunately I have a duplicate key to the apartment."

Blanche Vansant was apparently at no loss to find a subterfuge for spying [illegible] others or prying into their affairs in pur[illegible] detective style, where it suited her [illegible] She consulted her watch as she unlo[illegible] the door, entered the room, and turned [illegible] key behind her. She glanced searchingly all around the room and [illegible] walked towards a secretary. She tried its slanting front to find it locked. Producing a bunch of smaller keys, Blanche fitted one to the lock of the secretary and opened it. All the drawers inside were locked except one. Apparently she did not find what she was looking for, and a third tiny key was called into requisition.

"Ah!" exclaimed Blanche, "that is what I expected to find."

It was the oblong package which she had seen Rolfe Ashley give to Florence for safe-keeping two nights previously. She took it out and turned it over in her hand. Then she deliberately untied the piece of red tape wrapped about a sheet of paper. The package opened showed some time-worn documents, letters, and photographs.

"Worthless souvenirs," I suppose," she remarked. "I will not waste time looking them over."

Blanche drew from her pocket a package of crisp new bank-notes. These she laid in one pile between some of the papers in the package. Then she carefully retied the packet and returned it to the drawer. She relocked the drawer, the desk, and the door of the room. She left no trace of her surreptitious visit behind her, and there was a smile of shrewd triumph on her face as she went again below stairs.

Three hours later she again reached the room she had invaded.

"Blanche!"

Florence Henderson, disturbed from a bright day dream in her own room, arose with some trepidation and confusion as the door opened abruptly, and unannounced, her cousin stood before her.

Some subtle consciousness of the possible discovery of her sweet love secret, some half-veiled menace in the dark, forceful face of Blanche caused a thrill of fear, of concern, to pervade the frame of the sensitive girl, and there was an unspoken inquiry in her eyes as to the cause of the unexpected visit.

"Sit down again, Florence," directed Blanche, and her tone was somewhat harsh and mandatory. "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, Blanche," assented her cousin, wonderingly, and with an expression of anxiety on her face.

Miss Vansant looked all about the room. Particularly she surveyed the secretary standing at one side of the apartment.

"Florence," she spoke in a calm but ominous tone of voice, "I have come to you on an urgent and important errand. It is necessary that I act directly and clearly. You have been in the habit of meeting Rolfe Ashley outside of this house."

"Oh, Blanche!"

Florence uttered the startled word in a gasp. Her face flushed hotly, and then the color receded from her cheeks, leaving them wan and quivering.

"Do not try to evade or deceive me," continued Blanche sternly. "You met him at the park night before last."

"He—he is my friend—" stammered Florence.

"You met him, as I say?"

"Yes," murmured the young girl. "There is no wrong in that, Blanche, surely?"

"In the meeting, no," retorted Blanche harshly. "In giving to you the package he did, decidedly yes."

"The package!" exclaimed Florence, in a gasp of astonishment.

"Do you deny it?"

Florence's head dropped. Her breath came quickly.

"It is useless to do so," declared Blanche.

"He intrusted me with some family keepsakes," confessed Florence, "though how you know of it, I am at a loss to surmise."

"You see that I do know."

Florence was silent. Defiance and then submission came into her face as her cousin glared at her, resolute and threatening.

"Speak!" commanded Blanche, imperiously.

"They are a sacred trust——"

"Bah! I ask you again: What have you done with that packet of papers?"

"Please do not ask me," pleaded Florence, pale and agitated.

"You must tell me," insisted Blanche. "I must see that packet—must, do you understand? Refuse, and you place Rolfe Ashley in deadly peril."

The words, solemnly spoken, terrified the trembling girl.

"Oh, what do you mean? Tell me, I beseech you. In peril?"

"Yes, in deadly peril. Do as I say, or you will regret it."

"You—you just wish to see the packet?"

"That is all."

"You will not take it away from me?"

"I promise you."

Florence wavered, incredulous and undecided, for a moment or two. Finally, under the hypnotic forcefulness of her cousin's mandatory eyes, she moved towards the secretary, unlocked it, opened the drawer, and took out the packet under discussion.

"See, there it is," she said, "only a few family souvenirs, Mr. Ashley told me."

"Open it."

"Oh, no—no, I dare not. You must not!"

"Obey me!" insisted her cousin harshly.

"But——"

"Do as I say."

With tremulous fingers Florence undid the tape surrounding the packet. At that moment Blanche snatched it from her hand. She threw it open on the table.

"Ah," she cried, "it is as I thought! Look, look well, Florence Henderson! Oh, do not fear!" she added scornfully, "I have no curiosity to look into the papers. This is what I am interested in. Look, I say, look!"

Perturbed, amazed, perplexed, Florence saw Blanche extract from among the papers the little pile of new, crisp banknotes.

"Do you see?" spoke Blanche, flipping over the ends of the bank-notes swiftly—"$100 bills, twenty of them, $2,000."

"What does it mean?" stammered the bewildered Florence.

"And look," continued Blanche, thrusting the bills close to the agitated gaze of her cousin, "each bill is marked. Do you see it, those crosses in red ink? These notes were stolen from the bank. You were, perhaps innocently, hiding them for Rolfe Ashley. Now then, Florence Henderson, you will do exactly what I ask you to do, or I will send your lover to the penitentiary as an embezzler!"

CHAPTER VI.

A BOLD PLOT.

The startling words of Blanche Vansant, "I will send your lover as an embezzler to the penitentiary," utterly terrified and prostrated the innocent, alarmed Florence Henderson.

The scene presented the semblance of some cruelly sanguinary falcon posed to swoop down upon a defenseless dove. The banker's daughter noted fully the impression she had produced, and hastened to take advantage of it.

"If you would save your lover, listen to me, obey me," persisted Blanche, imperiously.

"He is not my lover," fell from the lips of Florence.

"Lover or friend, your actions prove he has your deepest regard," interrupted Miss Vansant, bluntly. "He gave you that packet—that, at least, you cannot deny. Should you do so, evidence can be produced to prove it. Inside that packet, as you see, are twenty marked one hundred-dollar notes, stolen from my father's bank."

"But he did not steal them," Florence hastened to say. "He is too noble."

"I suppose, then," sneered Blanche, "that after making no pretense whatever to possessing means, he is able to scatter one hundred-dollar bills around promiscuously."

"Oh, there is some dreadful mistake here," cried Florence poignantly.

"The police, the law will not say so."

Florence shuddered. She had sunk back in her chair prostrated. Her innocent nature was unable to cope with the distressing situation and discover the flaws in the bold, broad claims of her subtle rival.

"These bank notes belong to the bank," resumed Miss Vansant. "Some one stole them; we know that. We find them here, in your possession, intrusted to you by the one person in the bank who has a key to the inner safe where they were kept. Could evidence be secured more convincing?"

"Oh, Blanche," cried Florence, distractedly, "send for Mr. Ashley! I am sure he can explain all this."

"No," retorted Miss Vansant peremptorily, "strange as it may seem to you, I am as anxious as yourself to shield this unfortunate young man."

"You?" exclaimed Florence in surprise.

"Yes, I. This man loved me once. He will love me again. You are only one of the wayward passing fancies that have lured him from his former allegiance to me. I alone can save him. You can help me if you choose. Either that, or your evidence shall send him to prison."

Like a delicate flower, crushed by the cruel heel of Fate, Florence lay back in the chair, mute and stricken. That Rolfe Ashley could become a thief, nothing would have convinced her. But the added revelation of her cousin overcame her. The wily siren pursued her advantage. She thrust before the eyes of the wounded girl a sheet of paper. Her own iniquitous talent had devised a new deceit, an added torture for the poor girl, whose ignorance of the ways of the world led her to accept a story as true because her own pure soul was unable to falsify.

An affectionate note, addressed to Blanche in endearing terms and signed by Ralph Ashley, was traced through tear-bedimmed eyes by Florence. It ended the one fond romance of her girlhood. It was a base, cruel forgery, but in her trustfulness and inexperience Florence never suspected that.

"Do you understand now?" questioned Miss Vansant, insinuatingly. "Rolfe Ashley has proved himself an embezzler, yet I cannot give him up. Finally he would have returned to his first love, anyway. I can prevent his being discovered as the thief, and I believe I can influence him from further derelictions in this respect. However that may be, your concurrence in my ideas is essential to the success of my plans. You must be guided implicitly by what I direct. You must promise to act as I say, or I will not put forth my hand to save this man."

Poor Florence! All that was in her heart at that crucial moment in her life was the ardent wish to go away somewhere out of the sight of mankind and die.

"First," said Miss Vansant, "you must write a brief note to Rolfe Ashley, returning the packet—minus the money, of course—stating that you are going away from Irondale, that you must forget his friendship and interest, that he must not write to you nor seek to find you."

Florence neither assented nor dissented as to the proposition. She only listened painfully.

"You will arrange to go to a distant relative, where you will remain in seclusion until I have brought matters to a point satisfactory to my plans," continued the merciless Blanche.

"What will he think of me?" murmured the heartbroken Florence.

"It is that, or your appearance on the witness stand as the person who can wreck his life."

"No, no—not that!" cried Florence.

"Then will you agree to do as I direct?"

"Oh, I must! I see there is no other way."

"Do not try to deceive me in any way," warned Blanche, threateningly. "At the first token of any deviation from the course I have dictated, I shall not hesitate to place the entire affair within the knowledge of my father. He would at once prosecute his faithless employe. Even as it is, it will be somewhat difficult for me to suppress investigations that may involve Mr. Ashley."

"Save him if you can!" pleaded Florence, brokenly.

Miss Vansant left the presence of the girl whose love she had stricken dead, whose happy life romance she had so ruthlessly destroyed. Triumph and confidence ruled in that haughty, domineering heart. She saw her way made plain now.

She sought her father, and was soon closeted with him in his private office.

"You are still hopeful of extricating me from my financial difficulties?" he asked her.

"More so than ever."

"I hope there is a sure basis for your assertion, Blanche."

"Trust it all to me, father," replied the false plotter. "The first step toward the consummation of my plans is to secure a valuable ally to our interests."

"You mean?"

"Your underpaid confidential clerk."

"Rolfe Ashley?"

"Yes."

"Hum," observed the banker, thoughtfully.

"I wish you to write a note to him, telling him that you promote him to the position of cashier."

"But, Blanche—"

"And double his salary."

The banker frowned. Then, as he was about to demur, a glance at the firm, determined face of his daughter appeared to change his decision.

"Very well," he asserted, though reluctantly; "it shall be as you choose, Blanche. I hope you know what you are doing. Anything to avert ruin. I leave the affair entirely in your hands."

The false daughter, false friend, false lover left the office with a self-confident smile. She was in her element when scheming, and she doubted not her ability to carry out a plan dangerously hedged about with pitfalls.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

Rolfe Ashley sat at his desk in the counting room of John Vansant & Co. gazing abstractedly through the plate-

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glass windows before him into the street.

Four days before the young man had received a brief, cold note from Florence Henderson that had robbed his mind of peace and his heart of its fondest hopes and anticipations. Accompanying the formal missive was the packet he had intrusted to the keeping of the fair girl who had won his love.

He had rung at the door of the Vansant mansion the following day. A servant had informed him that Miss Henderson was not in the house, but had left Irondale for a prolonged absence. Spying upon him from behind a window drapery, the banker's daughter had smiled in mingled malice and triumph Rolfe had returned to the office dejected and disheartened.

'I cannot understand it," he had told himself repeatedly. "What influence could have changed her feelings toward me?"

Rolfe could not divert his thoughts from the beautiful girl who had so attracted him. He felt hurt, disappointed, bewildered. Harshness was so foreign to her sweet disposition, that he found it difficult to analyze the motives that had led her to repudiate her trust and practically dismiss him from her life and mind.

Her bright, innocent face had come as a gleam of precious golden sunshine into his lonely existence. The days had passed drearily since he had received the note. Even now, as he sat neglecting his work in thinking of her, the mystery of her strange action oppressed and perplexed him.

"I must know more about it," he determined. He arose from his desk, under a quick impulse, put on his hat, and walked out of the countingroom.

Ashley knew that Mr. Vansant had gone to a neighboring city on business and that the automobile was in [illegible] a bank employe. It was a cold, drizzly day, and he doubted that Miss Vansant was absent from the house. He walked around the block, ascended the steps of the banker's residence, and rang the bell.

Blanche had seen him coming. She had been seated at the window, and at sight of him her face lighted up. She had been wary, patient. Sooner or later she felt sure he would cross her path and come into her life again. Now he was here. She it was who answered his summons at the door. Her face was smiling, her manner welcoming.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Ashley," she said. "Come in."

"Only for a moment, Miss Vansant," replied Rolfe. "I have a few questions to ask, if you will permit me."

"Most assuredly."

She led him into the drawingroom and bowed him to a seat.

"You may think it strange that I should intrude upon you," he began.

"It is no intrusion, Mr. Ashley," his fair hostess assured him.

"I am pained and troubled over an episode that has distressed me very much," said Ashley. "You must have known that I was—that is to say, friendly, interested in Miss Henderson."

Instantly the face of the siren assumed a serious, almost forbidding, aspect.

'Pardon me, Mr. Ashley," she said with a feigned glance of apprehension about the room, and lowering her voice impressively, "but we no longer mention that name in our house."

"You amaze me, Miss Vansant."

"By my father's orders."

"I do not understand."

"It is a painful subject to us, a family secret," pursued Blanche. "Have you, too, been deceived in her?"

"Deceived?" repeated Rolfe, vaguely.

"Is it not true?" questioned Blanche. "Mr. Ashley, we esteem you as a friend, and in the business confidence of my father. I have either said too little or too much. Can I confide a secret to your keeping that has not been whispered in this house outside of my father and myself?"

"If it refers to Miss Henderson, I feel that some explanation is due me," answered Rolfe.

"Then under the seal of confidence I will tell you this much: My cousin has eloped."

"Eloped—you shock me!" cried Rolfe, with a violent start

"If you will inquire," went on the fair lying lips, "the night that my cousin so mysteriously disappeared, a son of our butler was likewise missing. I will show you a letter we found in Florence's room. It explains the mystery fully, I think."

Again had the forger's hand been called into requisition by Blance Vansant. She tendered the visitor a letter in a man's handwriting. It was addressed to Florence Henderson, and apparently it was the preliminary of a prospective elopement The keenly watchful eyes of the enchantress were well veiled as she noted the effect upon Rolfe. He sighed deeply, handed her back the note, and sat gazing dejectedly at the carpet

For some moments there was a blank oppressive silence in the room. Rolfe was overcome, and showed it keenly in his drooping head and serious face Blanche sat covertly watching him as a tigress her prey.

She came closer to him suddenly. He looked up, surprised and puzzled, as her perfumed breath swept his face and her white jeweled hand touched his own. Clever actress that she was, her veiled eyes betokened sympathy.

I am very, very sorry to have to tell you all this, Mr. Ashley," she said gently. "As I say, my father and myself are deeply shocked. As a friend you were kind to her. Forget her, as we must do"

Rolfe was silent. There was little solace for his disturbed mind in the artful wiles of the woman beside him, for he had always adjudged her a soulless coquette

'There was a time, you must remember, when you and I were quite—friends, shall I say?" and she called to her command all the witchery at her control to win the admiration of her visitor to her rare, though deadly beauty.

'Mr. Ashley—Rolfe," she cried, suddenly, sharply, as though in an access of uncontrollable emotion. "Do you not understand my heart is racked with sympathy for you, sympathy and—love?'

Blanche leaned so close to him that she almost threw herself into his arms. She had risked all on one bold, impetuous move. In consternation, in dire amazement, the young man strove to put away her clinging arms.

"No, no!" besought Blanche, wildly. "Listen to me. Do not think me unwomanly because my interest in you is unrestrained. It seems as though your disappointment your sorrow, has awakened in me some subtle chord, dormant perhaps, but always betokening an interest in you. Oh, listen to me!"

"Miss Vansant, I beg of you to consider those strange words—" began Rolfe, at a loss how to speak amid his wonder and embarrassment.

"Perhaps you were offended, because when we first knew each other, I was compelled to neglect you," persisted Blanche rapidly. "Oh, Rolfe, I am world-weary! I am sick of the tinsel and sham of what they call society. I long to retire to a pleasant, quiet existence, where my true love could make some one happy, forgetting my old world, forgotten by the world!"

Rolfe had arisen. His face grew very grave. His manner repelled Miss Vansant, but she went on tempestuously.

"For you I would sacrifice everything I can improve your prospects, I can bring you wealth—"

"You must say no more, Miss Vansant," declared Rolfe sternly, and in his clear face the foiled siren saw an expression akin to repugnance. Still she was about to persist, when some one came to the door of the room. Rolfe Ashley, with a low bow to his hostess, walked from the apartment. A servant just passing in the hall escorted him to the door.

At the direful consciousness that she had played her last card and had lost that she, the queen of hearts, had been repulsed, scorned, by the only man she might have loved, Blanche Vansant became a mad fury. Her eyes glared, her dainty hands tore recklessly at the priceless lace about her throat.

"So it is thus," she hissed. "Oh, beware, beware, Rolfe Ashley! Now away with the flitting sentiment of a moment of weakness! For this I will drive you to the last extreme. I will drag you, your prospects, your friends, aye, even your honor, into the deepest dust."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

Rolfe Ashley left the mansion of the

(Continued on page sixteen)

YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A BOY

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AND GET THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINES AND CORDIALS FREE

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4 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY $2.25
8 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY 4.25
12 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY 6.25
24 Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY 12.25

FREE: With every four quarts of MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY you order we will send you **absolutely Free** a handsome scroll crystal glass decanter, with scroll glass stopper to match, filled to the brim with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. This decanter is full size, free from advertising matter, and is a useful ornament to any sideboard. In ordering be sure and state contents desired.

Remember that this offer is for the genuine old Mellow Springs, the same straight, pure, aged-in-bond whiskey that physicians have always recommended for medicinal and home use. There's not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. Time was when you couldn't buy it for less than $1.25 the quart; but by selling direct to you and cutting out all intermediate profits and salesmen's expenses we have squeezed the final price down to the last minimum. NOTE—These are FULL QUART bottles. Address orders to

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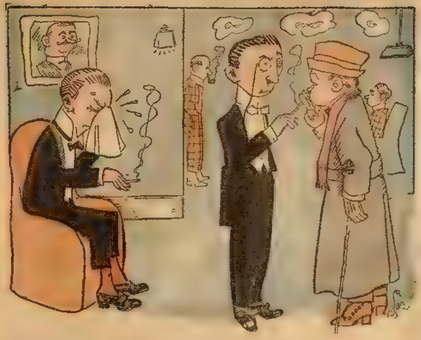
☞ We can safely recommend The Pure Food Co. as being a thoroughly reliable and responsible firm.—EDITOR.



Edwin—What's Harry crying so softly about?
Charles—He gave Helen a bull pup for a present and now the beast won't let him near the house.

The New Way

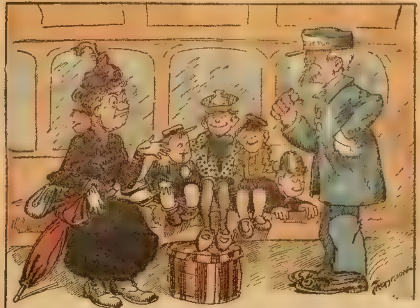
First Bank Director—I think it would be a good idea, some time or other, to quietly employ a physician to inquire into the mental and physical condition of our cashier. I think he is suffering from paresis.

Second Bank Director—My, my! How much has he stolen!

An Urgent Case.

Poor Patient—I sent for you, doctor because I know you are a noted physician, but I feel it my duty to inform you that I haven't [illegible] twenty-five dollars to my name.

Doctor Biggfee—Very well, then, we must try to cure you [illegible] as quickly as possible.



Conductor—A nickel! What's this for? How about your [illegible] kids?
Mrs. Wiggs—That's all right—the eldest is under three. I don't pay for them!

A Fraud.

Mrs. McCartem—Thot piano lamp ye sold me is no good, an'-Oi want yez to take it back.

Dealer—Eh? Why?

Mrs. McCarten—Divil a chune con we git out of it.

A Long List.

Miss De Thump—What shall I play?

Hostess—Play your favorite.

Miss De Thump—Every piece I know is a favorite.

Hostess—Then—er—p l a y something else.

Going to the Extreme.

Mrs. Newwed—My dear, as you said we must do everything possible to economize, I have been at work turning my old dresses, and I can make most of them do another year. It won't take me over six weeks to get through, and then I'll reshape and retrim my old bonnets.

Mr. Newwed—That's very sensible, I must say.

Mrs. Newwed—I have also been trying some waxed thread and a coarse needle on my old shoes, and I believe they'll last six months longer, and I've turned that old carpet we bought secondhand, and given it a thorough washing, so that it will do very nicely, and I'm going to make some curtains for the upstairs windows, to avoid buying new ones.

Mr. Newwed—Eminently sensible, my dear.

Mrs. Newwed—And I've sent off the washerwoman and discharged the hired girl. I will do all the work myself.

Mr. Newwed—You're an angel, my love!

Mrs. Newwed—And I took that box of imported cigars you bought, and traded them for two boxes of cheaper ones.

Mr. Newwed—Now, see here! Economy is a good thing, but there is no need of your becoming an unreasoning fanatical monomaniac on the subject.

The Grip a Good Thing.

Jamson—This grip is a [illegible] good thing when you come to think of it.

Jamson—Don't see how.

"That's because you are not [illegible] I've saved a heap of money by it."

"Saved money?"

"Lots. The first time I had it I went to a doctor and got a prescription. Instead of taking that prescription to the drug store I made a copy of it and took the copy to the druggist. Since then every time I've caught the grip I have used the same old prescription, and it hasn't cost me a cent for doctor's fees. Just tell you it's a sight cheaper than having half a dozen different diseases, [illegible] two alike."

A Large Committee.

"Is your town doing anything in the uplift way?"

"Oh, yes! We have a committee appointed to see all shows [illegible] of being immoral, and report on them."

"Good!"

"Yes, a committee of one thousand."

"Indeed! Isn't that [illegible] rather large committee?"

"Well, you see, we can't afford to create any hard feeling, and so we made it large enough to include about everybody."

Among Those Present.

Among the guests at an Indian dance were Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham Kick-a-hole-in-the-Tepee, Misses Gwendolyn and Cleopatra Buffalo-Fat [illegible] Saw-the-Bear-Go-Into-a-Hole [illegible] brother, Algernon, and Charley Fell-Off-the-Bridge, and his sisters, Claudia and Penelope.

A Spoiled Child.

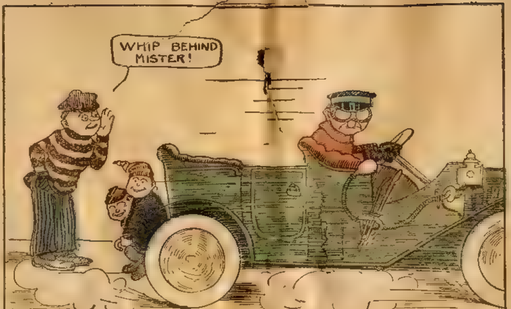
Father—Our daughter is incorrigible, and I can't see what is to be done. She is too old to spank.

Mother—Have patience a year or two longer, and our troubles with her will be over. She'll marry somebody.

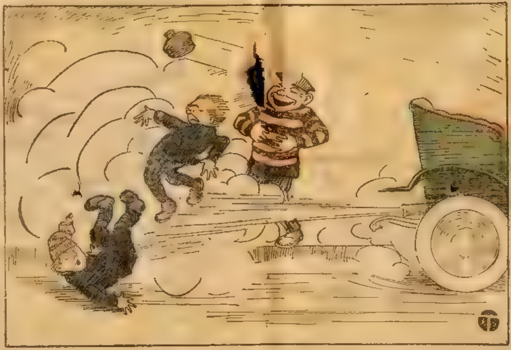
Patriotic.

When George III went in bathing at Weymouth the patriotic town folks gathered in large numbers to watch the august cleansing, while a band played "God Save the King."

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.


WHIP BEHIND MISTER!

[illegible]



"Ouch! No fair turning on de exhaust"

Affectionate Mr. Grumps.

Mr. Grumps (from the coverlids)—Put down that novel and come to bed.

Mrs. Grumps—It isn't late, and I'm in the most interesting part of the story. Go to sleep.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"My feet are cold."

Rude to Him.

Mrs. Henpeck—Before we were married I used to sit on your knee.

Mr. Henpeck—Now you sit all over me.

It Never Fails.

Sniffers—Do you ever have hay fever, or anything of that kind?

Biffers—No, I never had any trouble with my nose but once. On that occasion it leaked about a gallon.

"Eh? When was that?"

"One evening when I went to a party and forgot my pocket handkerchief."

Needed Dusting.

A woman crossing a ferryboat told a deckhand that she wanted to see the captain when the boat reached the slip and make a complaint. When the captain came the woman said:

"I want to make a complaint about those life preservers in the deck ceiling. Just look at them!"

"Well, what in the world is the matter with 'em, madam?" asked the captain, as he looked up at them.

"Matter with them?" echoed the woman. "Don't you see that they're dirty? They ought to be washed. If a woman with a nice summer dress on had to put one of those dusty things on over it, it would never be fit to wear again."

The Chauffeur's Lunch.

Traveling through New England in his touring car, a Cincinnati man with his wife and two daughters stopped one day for lunch at a good hotel. After the meal was over the automobilist said to the waiter: "Bring the bill, please. We have had four sandwiches and four pieces of apple pie. Wait a moment though. What has the chauffeur had downstairs?" "The chauffeur, sir," replied the waiter, "has had a Parmesan omelette, a grilled brook trout, lamb cutlets and peas, an ice, a cup of black coffee, a fifteen-cent cigar and a pint of champagne."

Once Enough.

Bilkins—So you didn't go to the masquerade ball?

Wilkins—No; I made a fool of myself there last season, and I didn't care to risk it again.

Bilkins—Eh? Didn't drink too much, did you?

Wilkins—No. But when the masks were removed, I discovered that I had wasted a whole evening and twenty dollars spooning with my wife.

A Word to the Wise.

A Centralia man found it advisable to put on a ragged suit of clothes in order to repair some machinery. After he had finished he went home to dinner. He met a tramp coming out of his front gate as he went in. The tramp mistook him for a knight of the road. He held up a warning hand. "Duck it—retreat," cautioned the tramp. "I've just tried her and she's a regular bear cat."

A Prize.

Little Wife—See what I have bought you for a birthday present—I got it at an auction—a genuine, antique, old fashioned bootjack, such as your colonial ancestors used.

Husband—I haven't worn boots for twenty years.

Little Wife—I know. Won't it look lovely when it's decorated and hung up?

Worth Keeping.

Lady—I want you to take this dog back. He is handsome, I admit, but he can't be taught anything at all, and is of no earthly use.

Dealer (slowly)—Y-e-s, mum, I know, mum; but just think wot a fine rug he'll make when he's dead.

Historical Character.

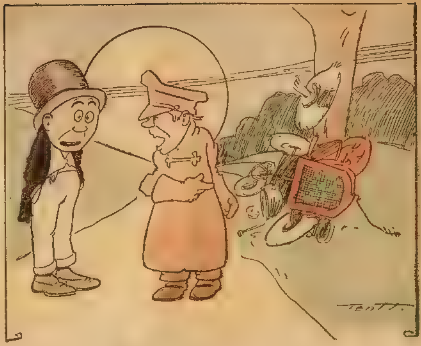
"Pop, who was Cindrella."

"Some foreign queen. Why don't the schools cut out the frills and pay more attention to history."

A "Chaser."

Miss Highsee—But it is time for the guests to leave.

Hostess—Yes, that's why I want you to sing.



Stranger—Hello, there! Had an accident?
Owner—No; this is the way I bought it day before yesterday.

In Every Style.

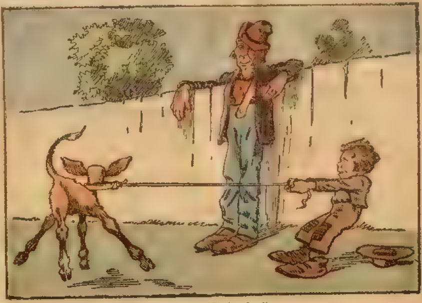
In front of a Harlem restaurant was a sign that attracted the eye of a farmer, and he went in. He had a raw, a fry, a stew, a pan roast, a broil, and a steam on toast. When he got through he laid a quarter on the cashier's desk, only to be told that the bill was a dollar and a quarter. "No, by jing," said the farmer. "A quarter's right. Doesn't your sign say, 'Oysters in every style for twenty five cents'?"

Too Much to Ask.

A railway guard busily engaged in getting his train ready to start accidentally trod on a lady's dress as she swept by.

"Oh, you clumsy man!" she exclaimed, the sudden weight from behind bringing her to a standstill. "Please be a little more careful!"

"Beg pardon, madam," replied the guard, "but I can't possibly attend to two trains at once."



Man—Look out, or you'll cut that calf's head off.
Boy—Well, don't you like veal cutlets?

Making Sure.

He (earnestly)—Are you sure, absolutely sure, that you will love me till death us do part?

She (solemnly)—I am sure, absolutely sure, that I shall love you till death do us part. By the way, is your life insured?

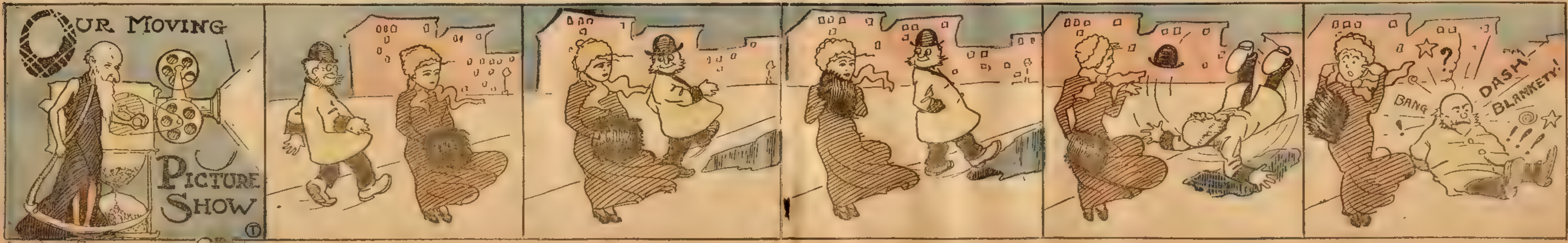
Rather Confusing.

Bilkins—There comes Jinks. He's a hateful fellow.

Wilkins—Is he one of these miserable, low-down dead beats who are always borrowing money?

Bilkins—N—o, he—er—he—um—er—never has any to lend.

A New Year's Resolution Smashed.



Father had vowed he'd never swear again

But such a peach He had to gaze at her

Then his feet flew up and he clawed the air

And alas, when he struck the earth—

Poor father broke his New Year's resolution

A Detective Pirate;

Or, LOVE AND ALASKAN GOLD

By Philip R. Kellar

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 49, Dec. 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Jarden finally decided where he was and recalled what had happened, he looked about, saw Isabel, bound and propped against the wall, and vainly struggled to rise.

"No use trying," she wailed, "I've worn myself out trying to get loose and get up."

"The dirty scoundrels!" Jarden cried between clenched teeth. "If I ever get my hands free and on that Chinaman again, he'll never know what happened to him!

The sight of her pathetic face, though it first aroused his anger, quieted him almost instantly. He realized that impatience and railing would not help her, and he tried to smile and cheer her.

"We seem to be playing in hard luck now, but maybe things will change."

"I hope so." She looked hopelessly at her bound hands.

"Chin did a good job, anyway," Jarden laughed. "Now the thing for us to do is to undo it. You can't get up?" She shook her head. "I can't either, but maybe I can roll or crawl over to you—if my hand will let me."

He tried rolling first, but, when his body pressed against his injured hand he groaned and stopped. Then he struggled to his knees, and keeping the right hand off the floor, sought to crawl over. The strain of the rope pressing against the rude bandage caused such pain that he lost his balance and toppled over.

"Don't try it any more," Isabel pleaded. "It is just hurting you, and what good would it do if you should reach me?"

"Lots." His look was frankly admiring. "Lots of good just to be near you. And besides, I might be able to chew your hands loose."

She had not thought of that. "Why not try it on yourself?" she asked suddenly. "We'll both try."

For several moments—precious moments—they struggled with the knots, but Isabel's teeth were not large enough and her jaws were not strong enough, and she gave up in despair. Jarden persisted a little longer, but every twist caused the pains to shoot through his right hand, and at last he, too, stopped.

"No," he said cheerfully, "I'll have to get to you."

"Let me try it then," she pleaded; "it will not hurt me like it does you."

"Can you?" He looked doubtful.

"I can try," she answered bravely.

First she attempted to crawl, but her skirts got in the way and threw her over.

"All right, I'll roll then," she almost laughed. "I hadn't any idea it would be so hard to get anywhere with your hands and feet tied."

She rolled over, but her direction was not right, and they were nearly as widely separated as before. Twisting and squirming about until she seemed to be headed right, she tried it again. This time she stopped several feet nearer her destination.

"That's better." Jarden cheered her. "Another roll like that and you'll be here."

"It's hard work," Isabed gasped, "but here I come."

Another roll and she bumped into him, almost toppling him over. A few more precious seconds were consumed while she righted herself, and they sat face to face, feet straight in front of them. Jarden had her hold her hands on a level with her chin. He examined the knot carefully.

"Now," he cautioned, "you must hold them as still as you can, and when I press you push right back. It will be hard because we haven't any way to brace ourselves—and Chin has tied a close knot."

He tugged and toiled at the rope, twisting his head about in order to get at the knot, pausing every few seconds to rest and recover his breath. Once his teeth slipped as he was pulling, and he fell backward. Isabel held out her arms, stopped his feet as they were going up, and saved him.

"Thanks," he laughed; "you saved me from an embarrassing position. Wouldn't I look fine lying on my back with feet and hands in the air?"

Finally his efforts began to tell, and the knot was growing looser. "I'll have it in a minute now," he growled. Isabel gave a pull when he was not expecting it, and his head followed her hands until his face rested on her shoulder. A moment he let it remain before lifting it, and looked quietly, steadily, into her eyes.

"Isabel," he whispered, "I know appearances are against me. I know we both seem in a bad fix. But I must tell you that I'm not as bad as I seem. I must tell you that I— "

She waited anxiously, hopeful, fearful, her cheeks flushing. "You—what?" she gently urged.

"I have good——"

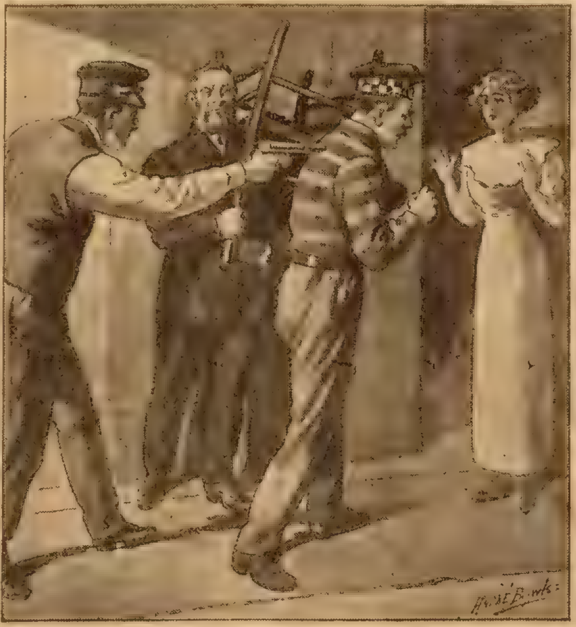
"Sh!" She held both hands over his mouth. "Some one is coming."

Jarden grabbed the rope end in his teeth in a final desperate effort to free her, just as Knotty Barton entered. The sailor was startled momentarily, a knowing grin succeeding his look of surprise.

"Oh, excuse me!" he said. "I didn't mean to interrupt. Chin told me you were both tied hand and foot, and the room was between you."

"We were," Jarden growled. "What are you going to do?"

"Me?" Barton raised his one eyebrow. "Why first I'm going to untie Miss Arnold an' send her back to her pa. He's beating his hands off pounding on the door, hollering to know where she is.



"Don't, daddy!" Isabel called.

He'll have the cabin torn down in a minute if she don't show up."

He tugged at the knot a moment then drew his knife and cut the rope.

"No wonder you couldn't chaw it loose," she said. "Or did you make it so tight yourself?"

"Thank, you," Isabel spoke gratefully as she rubbed her chafed wrists. "What are you going to do with Mr. Pen—Jarden?"

"Him?" asked Barton. "Oh, I reckon he'll keep where he is while I take you to your pa." He cut the ropes that bound her feet. "Come on."

"Won't you help me make him comfortable first," Isabel asked, pausing beside Jarden.

"Oh, I'll be back pretty soon and attend to him," replied Barton. "Come on, I haven't any time to waste."

Isabel leaned down and whispered, "Courage!" Then she followed Barton. At the door she turned and gave Jarden a look of encouragement. Once outside she saw that Barton had not overstated her father's anger. He was raining blow after blow on the door, roaring out threats all the time. The sailor on guard stood rigid, a few feet back, the automatic pistol pointed at the door

Barton walked rapidly, Isabel close behind him. As they reached the cabin a sailor ran to them from the port. He had come from Tomkins and Norton, ashore, who wanted to know what the racket was about. Barton told the man to wait and called to Captain Arnold:

"Here, quit that noise!" The Captain stopped. "Your daughter's safe. Here she is."

"I'm here, Daddy," Isabel called, "all safe and sound."

"Huh!" the Captain grunted. "Where've you been?"

"You be quiet now," Barton said, "and get away from that door, and I'll let her in." The Captain obeyed reluctantly. Barton took down the bar, and Isabel entered.

"It's a good thing for you," Arnold cried, "that's she's back."

"I'll talk with you later," retorted Barton. "Got something else more important on hand." He hurried to the side of the ship and called out to his fellow conspirators: "It's all right. The old man was on the warpath, but he's quieted down." The two men were approaching in the small boat. "Better let me keep that gun aboard. We may need it here a damned sight more'n you'll want it ashore."

Norton demurred, but Barton was insistent, dwelling on the fact that Arnold was growing very restive, and the pistol was handed up to him. Norton explained that they had explored the inlet and surrounding shore, and had found a better place two miles west.

"It's just a cove," said Norton, "but it's enough for our purpose, and not big enough to attract any stray ships. We'll row ahead with a lantern and show you the way."

The oars splashed in the water. Barton gave the signal to Brown to start the engine, and in a few moments the Anna May was under way, crawling along very, slowly. Barton left Chin at the wheel, with orders to follow the lantern, and returned to Jarden.

"Now, Mr. Jarden," the big sailor said, sternly. "the time's come for us to settle."

"I don't understand there's anything to settle," retorted Jarden. "You're a double-faced, treacherous, lying--"

"Hold on there!" Knotty put his big hand over Jarden's mouth. "There, that's better. Now," he drew his knife, "I never could talk to a tied-up man." He cut the rope that bound Jarden's hands. "That's better."

"It would be still better if my feet were untied.'

"Of course. I was coming to them." Barton stooped and cut the cords. "There, think you can talk better now?"

"Yes," Jarden darted toward the door, "and move better, too."

Barton grabbed his collar and jerked back, at the same time drawing his pistol and placing the muzzle between Jarden's shoulders.

"Sit down," he said, roughly. "I didn't tell you to run. I've got something to say, and I'm in a hurry."

"If I hadn't smashed my hand on your tough jaw I'd give you another licking."

Jarden glared at the big sailor as he sat beside the table. Barton rubbed his chin.

"That was a good punch. Now, listen."

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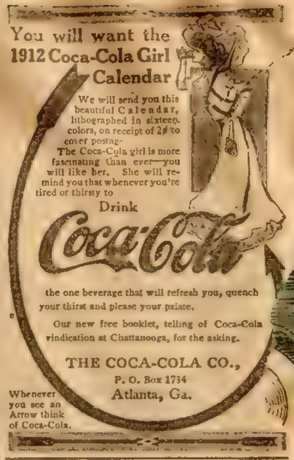
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He grew serious instantly. "The Anna May's moving. Norton and Tomkins are in the small boat, leading the way to a little cove. Chin is at the wheel. One man is on guard at the cabin. The rest are down below. If I take care of the Chinaman, can you handle the sailor?"

"Why, what do you mean?" Jarden stared at him.

"Just that," Barton replied with a grin. "I'm tired of having Tomkins and Norton boss me, and want to leave 'em in that boat."

"You mean——" Jarden did not finish the question.

"I mean that I'll fix Chin if you can take care of the sailor. He's got an automatic, but I'll let you have this one. We've got to get 'em both at once if we want to do a good job."

"Then what?"

"Well' that'll be for you to say."

"But I don't understand, Knotty! I ght you were in the plot, one of ."

y don't be so sleepy!" Barton growl- agreed to go in with them when I hey had all the rest of the crew and bent on dumping you overboard. don't let anybody throw over a t's got a knockout over me. See? at answer enough?"

lon't mean that you went into the help me?" Jarden was more nded than ever.

Just that," replied Barton, "but it on't do much good if you sit here and alk about it all night. Come on."

CHAPTER XVI.

Barton armed himself with Chin's wooden potato-masher, after turning over the pistol to Jarden.

"It'll do to knock him senseless," he answered the masquerader's questioning look, "and won't be apt to break his head. I don't want to kill him, though he ain't got much love for me."

He turned out the lamp, and the two went quietly onto the deck. The sailor stood in the darkness, but his figure was outlined against the sky-line. Barton stopped Jarden ten feet away, walked forward, talked with the guard a moment, and then climbed toward the bridge. Jarden gave him time to reach the wheel-house, and crept stealthily towards the guard. He did not understand Barton's actions, but he saw a chance for victory. If he could overpower and disarm the sailor he would have the only two firearms on board, and would feel able to cope with Norton and Tomkins in spite of his broken hand. He was within three feet of the sailor when the latter stirred and called out: "What's that?"

The next instant he felt the muzzle of Jarden's weapon pressing against his temple.

"It's just me—Jarden, and if you move a muscle you're a dead man!" The sailor shook with mingled surprise and fright. "You drop your gun," Jarden whispered. "No don't stoop! Just open your fingers and let it slide."

"But—but," the sailor stammered, "it might go off."

"Drop it!" Jarden spoke sternly, "and shut up!"

The weapon fell to the deck, bounding between Jarden's legs. The man waited for further orders.

"That's better." Jarden stooped slowly, secured the other pistol and stuffed it into his coat pocket. "Now," he commanded, "you unbar that door, and if you make a bit of noise I'll pull the trigger."

"Yes, sir," the sailor replied.

In spite of his fright he took down the bar silently and waited.

"Open the door and walk in," Jarden ordered. The man did so, but when the door opened a stream of light poured out. Jarden had not looked for this, and he exclaimed. "Hurry, there!"

He almost pushed the man through and slammed the door shut. Captain Arnold stood on one side of the passage, a heavy chair lifted above his head, ready to descend.

"Don't, Captain," Jarden cried, "he's a prisoner!"

"Don't Daddy!" Isabel called, hurrying toward them.

"What does it mean?" the puzzled seaman asked, looking from one to the other.

"Here, take this," Jarden handed a pistol to Arnold; "it may come in handy. I'm not much good with my left hand. Better tie this fellow up. I'll be back in a minute."

He slipped out so quickly that Isabel did not have time to ask one of the many questions she wanted to ask. She started to follow, but her father detained her. Murdock and Bascam appeared, and between them it required but a few moments to have the sailor securely trussed up, Captain Arnold taking great satisfaction in tying the knots.

Jarden hurried to the wheel-house to find Barton tying the Chinaman, stunned by a blow on the head from the potato-masher.

"He didn't give me any trouble," Knotty explained. "What'd you do with your man?"

"Turned him over to Captain Arnold."

"The hell you did!" exclaimed Barton, stopping in his work. "You mean you've let Arnold and Bascam and Murdock loose? Why, it won't be ten minutes before they'll have the crew backed in a corner. We gotter get damn busy."

"Why, wasn't that what you intended to do?" Jarden was surprised.

"Well, I was going to turn the boat over to you." Knotty explained. "I thought this North Star plan was yours."

"Sorry you've got such a poor opinion of me, Knotty," Jarden laughed. "That was just a little story I made up to amuse Captain Arnold and Miss Isabel."

"All right," Barton sighed. "I give it up. I reckon you know your business, but nobody else aboard seems to know what you're trying to get at."

"Why, I'm just trying to be a good mate," Jarden explained, "give up my roving life, settle down, and be a decent, respectable married man."

"Huh!"

Barton's grunt was his only comment. He completed the task of binding Chin, then looked at Jarden.

"What next? Shall we leave Norton and Tomkins and make for the Pacific?"

"I tell you, Knotty," Jarden answered somewhat impatiently, "I'm no mutineer. This ship is going to be turned over to Captain Arnold immediately."

"Oh, all right," Barton assented, "but you've got to explain that I didn't mean to do anything wrong—that I was just trying to keep where I could help you when the time came."

"I'll do my best, Knotty," Jarden slapped the rough sailor on the back, "though I'll have some tall explaining to do on my own account."

He signaled Brown to stop the engine and called down through the speaking tube for him to send men up to lower the anchor. When the boat was stopped, he said:

"We'd better get busy. Norton will be here in a minute to see what the trouble is."

Together they hurried to the cabin. The Captain glared at Barton.

"Captain," Jarden said quickly, "Norton and Tomkins are out in the small boat. They'll be back in a minute. Chin is tied up in the wheel-house. We've got to act fast to get the rest of the mutineers subdued before the leaders return."

"Better begin on Barton," the Captain replied savagely.

"No, he's all right." Jarden stopped the descending hand of the Captain. "He released Miss Arnold and me, gave me the pistol, and disposed of Chin. We can trust him."

"I'll be damned if I know whom to trust!" exclaimed the puzzled seaman. "What's your game now, Jarden?"

"To get things straigthened out as they ought to be, but I can't do it if you stand here talking, sir."

Then the Captain found himself. "I'll take up your case later," he said. Orders flew from him, and in a few moments they were on deck waiting for the crew who had been summoned by Barton. The men were stunned into inactivity when they suddenly found themselves facing their officers and the automatic pistols. Captain Arnold scolded them as he might have scolded a group of children.

"Now," he concluded, "if there's any one of you that ain't satisfied to play fair with me, and trust me to play fair with him, just let him say so now."

No one answered. They were beaten, whipped, and they knew it.

"All right," cried the Captain, "get back to your work now, and if you behave, maybe I won't put you in jail." They disappeared quickly. "Now, we'll just wait for those two scoundrels to come back," Arnold said. They get irons on board and a cell on land."

The men concealed themselves in shadows at various points along the port side and bow, and waited for the return of the conspirators. Jarden was close to Captain Arnold near the bow. They waited in silent patience for ten minutes. Suddenly a cry from Isabel startled them.

"The cook!" she cried. "He's loose!"

Chin, having worked free of his bonds, ran down the steps, brandishing the long knife. Barton tried to grab him, but the Chinaman made him back away with a vicious slash of the knife. Murdock put out his foot, and Chin stumbled over it and fell sprawling. He was up instantly, made a futile slash at Murdock, and started toward Isabel. The girl darted through the door and slammed it shut. Captain Arnold aimed the magazine pistol and pulled the trigger. A splutter of shots followed. Chin yelled, threw up his hands, staggered, ran to the rail, and jumped over.

He almost fell into the returning boat. Norton fished him out of the water, while Tomkins' back bent as he pulled away into the darkness.

"Guess that's the last of them," Arnold said. "We'll leave 'em as soon as Bascam can get up full steam. I'll be a day late to Vancouver. "Barton," he added looking intently at the sailor, "Mr. Penrose isn't in condition to do much work just now, and you'll be first mate temporarily."

"Yes, sir."

The boat became the center of orderly confusion as preparations to turn back through the strait went on. Jarden, weary, aching all over, stood idly watching the men work. Captain Arnold had not spoken to him for some time, and seemed to be ignoring him intentionally.

Ten minutes later he noticed a head bob over the rail at the stern, next to the anchor chain. He knew no sailor had any business there at that time, and kept still and watched. The head grew into a body and then into the full figure of a man climbing up the chain and over the rail.

Jarden started quietly toward the stern. Isabel walked across the deck some distance in front. The figure darted quickly past the streak of light streaming through the galley window and Jarden recognized Norton. Norton stopped in a friendly shadow. Isabel continued toward him, unconscious of his proximity. Jarden quickened his movements. He was only a few feet behind her, himself hidden in the shadows, when Norton darted forward, threw one arm about Isabel, and pressed his other hand over her mouth so quickly that her cry was stifled almost before it started.

"I'll have you, anyway," he hissed, "even if I do lose the boat."

He was dragging the frantically struggling girl toward the side when Jarden reached them, got behind Norton, and pressed the fingers of his left hand about the man's throat. Norton withdrew his hand from over Isabel's mouth, and the cry came out. He turned on Jarden and began beating the mate's face, at the same time trying to drag Isabel to the rail.

Jarden gritted his teeth, tried to dig his toes into the deck flooring, and clung to Norton's throat. Men were running toward them, and finally Norton released the girl and used both hands on Jarden. Under the rain of blows, his right arm useless, Jarden was forced to release his hold and he sank down. As he fell he threw his arms about Norton's legs and dragged him with him.

Their struggle continued, Jarden fighting on the defensive, continually trying to keep Norton from the rail, but being slowly bested, when Captain Arnold arrived, roaring and swearing. His lantern told him instantly the cause of the turmoil. His big hands grasped Norton about the neck and pressed inexorably until the man ceased his struggles.

"Tie him good," he said laconically to Murdock, "and carry him below."

Isabel and Jarden followed the Captain to his cabin, where he asked for an explanation. Isabel gave it, Jarden being too weak to talk consecutively. At the end, the gruff Captain took Jarden's hand.

"I'll hear your story later," he said huskily, "when you're in shape to tell it and I've got time to listen."

"Don't let Norton get away," Jarden replied.

"Don't worry about that," the Captain said grimly. "He's got a lot to answer for."

"A lot more than you think," said Jarden.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was afternoon, when the Anna May was pushing rapidly northward through the Haro toward Vancouver, before Jarden had recovered, and he and Captain Arnold, Isabel, and Barton were in the Captain's cabin for the hearing of the defense.

"I guess," Captain Arnold said, with a short laugh, "most masters would say I ought to let you tell your stories to the court, but—well, I feel under obligations to you both, and I want to give you a chance."

"That's kind of you, Captain," replied Jarden. "My story will be long, and we'd better let Knotty talk first."

"Mine's short," said Barton. "I saw Norton and Tomkins had won over the rest of the men, and I went in with them to be on the inside and help out Mr. Penrose when the time came. That's all."

"Well," replied the Captain, "I guess you've already proved your case. Now, Mr. Penrose——"

"Jarden is my name, sir. Edward Jarden."

"Yes, that's one of the things for you to explain."

"You can, can't you?" asked Isabel, who had been restraining herself for some time.

"Yes," Jarden nodded, "though I could explain better if I'd got some telegrams at Seattle I was looking for."

"Telegrams!" shouted the Captain, as he fumbled in his inside pocket. "Why, say, those telegrams came after you went to bed." He hauled them out. "There they are."

Jarden opened them eagerly, and smiled when he read them. "They will make it easier." He handed one to the Captain. "That and the document I gave you, will prove that I am not a deserter from the army."

Captain Arnold read the message. It was from the War Department, saying that Corporal Edward Jarden had been honorably dismissed. Arnold handed it over to Isabel, and drew out the document from his pocket. It was a certified copy of Jarden's discharge papers. The Captain read that, too, and handed it to his daughter.

"Well," he said, with satisfaction, "that clears up one part of the muddle. Go on."

"I left the post hurriedly," Jarden said, "on a secret mission, and got my discharge papers before returning. Norton heard of that and the rumors that I had deserted, thought it might be so, and tried to bluff me. I suppose when he found out that I was going under another name he felt certain he was on the right trail."

"Why did you take another man's name?" Isabel asked. She was happy because of what she had heard, but this point still troubled her.

"Yes, that's what I want to know," added the Captain.

"The other message probably will explain that," Jarden smiled. "You see I've been working for some time—since I quit the army—for a big express company as

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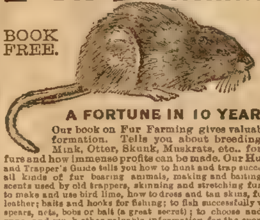

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a—a detective." He seemed amused at the surprised looks about him. "For some time the company has been hunting for a man who robbed several trains in Montana, and I've been on his trail. I found out the man's name—Norton."

"Norton?" all three cried at once.

"Yes, Norton," Jarden repeated. "He was a slick one, though, and there wasn't any way to get enough evidence to convict him. I got acquainted with a woman friend, and found out from her that Norton was planning to make a big play and get enough money to stop and go to some place and pose as a respectable retired business man."

He paused, and the three waited, silent, absorbed in his story.

"That plan was to steal a shipment of gold from Alaska. She didn't know how he expected to work it, but I put it up to the officers of the company, and we decided there could be only one way. He couldn't get the gold after it got to the mint, so he'd have to get it before. The stuff is brought by the express company from Alaska. So naturally the express company was interested, and sent me out to watch Mr. Norton and grab him when I could get evidence to convict. That's all there is to it."

"But," Captain Arnold protested, "I don't understand how you knew he was coming on board my boat."

"That was part chance and part planning," Jarden answered, with a knowing smile. "I traced Norton to San Francisco, and located him there. He knew me and thought I was crooked, and I knew he thought so. I heard him making inquiries about ships going north. After I helped you out in that street fight, Captain, I had an inspiration, and when you offered me the job I took it. I'd seen Norton looking over the Anna May just the day before, and that little cannon caught his eye. So I took the job, and took particular pains to let him see me board the Anna May."

"But why didn't you come under your own name?" Isabel still worried over this point.

"I wanted him to be certain I was crooked, so he would offer to take me into his scheme and I would have first-hand evidence of his intentions. Then, to make my ruse work, I had to deceive you for a while, and to do that I had to have a name that would fit the only mate's papers I could get. Besides, I knew Penrose wouldn't object very seriously. I've borrowed his name before." Jarden handed over the other message. "That will bear me out."

The telegram was from the express company, and told Jarden to continue the chase, and that their agent in San Francisco would see Penrose and have him keep quiet.

"You see, Larry has done some work for the company, though I don't suppose he ever before had his identity changed while he was unconscious. I couldn't take chances of letting him know what I was about. He was drinking and might babble too soon.

"That's all, except that I made up that story about turning pirate just to give Norton a chance to make overtures to me. That's all—except that I wasn't prepared for it when they persuaded Knotty to turn on me."

Knotty again insisted that he thought he was going to help. Finally the captain said:

"Well, it sounds plausible. You've got the papers to back you up, and I don't see why I can't believe you."

"We do believe you," exclaimed Isabel.

Captain Arnold and Barton arose to go: "I hope, just the same, that you'll think over that proposition of mine. I think you were cut out for a sailor."

For some time after the Captain and Knotty left, Isabel and Jarden were silent, eying each other furtively at intervals, each waiting for the other to speak. Finally Isabel broke the silence with a single word:

"Well?"

"Is it?" Jarden smiled. "I've just been wondering if it has turned out well."

"You've caught the man you were after."

"Yes, but I've been caught myself."

"Do you—will you accept Daddy's offer, and stay on the Anna May?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I can't see what that has to do with your decision."

Can't you?" he laughed softly. "Well, it has about everything to do with it."

"I never could think of you except as —as Mr. Penrose," she said irrelevantly.

"Are you sure of that?" His face fell.

"Well," she gave him a shy, inviting look, "at least not until you finished saying what you started to say when I thought you were Mr. Penrose."

The happy looked returned as he arsoe and leaned over her, his bandaged hand resting on the table beside her.

"You mean, Isabel, that——"

"Yes," she patted his hand gently, "I mean just that, Larry." She rubbed her cheek against his hand. "I'd like to have you start at the beginning again, too."

"I'll tell you that story till you ask me to stop," he spoke fervently. "I love you —I love——"

She tilted her head back and his lips pressed hers.

The end.

* * *

Marrying a Title.

(Continued from page eleven.)

banker, a prey to varied and bewildering emotions. He was not in the remotest degree in love with the daughter of his employer, and her bold presumption to that effect astonished him. From what Florence Henderson had told him he had suspected that her cousin had not treated her in the kindest manner in the world. This had prejudiced him against Blanche. Now, her unwomanly avowal of love, commingled with the hint of wealth, had aroused his profoundest contempt.

"I cannot remain in the employ of the bank after this," decided Rolfe. "She cannot have been in earnest. Then what was her motive? And her revelations concerning Florence—Miss Henderson? Oh, I cannot believe the story to be true!"

A man, a stranger, seedy in appearance, but with a face showing intellectuality and evidences of past good breeding, stood leaning against the iron fence outside as Rolfe came down the steps. Immersed as Rolfe was in the acute miseries and mysteries of the moment, he could not fail to notice this person.

The stranger lolled in an indolent and insolent fashion. There was a trace of liquor upon him, but definite alertness and meaning in the cool, cynical curl of scorn upon his face. His gaze was fixed with no pleasant intensity on the windows of the mansion. As Rolfe passed him, to the surprise of the latter, he came up close to him, took his arm familiarly, and observed, "Another fly in the web, eh?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Rolfe, drawing away from the man.

"Oh, don't shy off," sneered the other "I was once as prim and respectable-looking as yourself—before I was for a brief time the accepted suitor of that tigress in yonder."

"Do you mean to insult Miss Vansant?"

"No, I mean to warn you," retorted the man, bluntly. "I am Martin Blomer, once a bright literary light. You see what I am now—a vagabond. The work of Miss Blanche Vansant! Keep out of her clutches. She is a vampire, a beautiful fiend with a specious net, soft and silky, but framed on lies, disloyalty and scheming."

The man turned jeeringly across the street. Rolfe glanced curiously after him. He had heard of Blomer. His revelations had brought out little that was new to Rolfe, but they somehow aroused his suspicion.

Was it possible that the story of the elopment was a lie, made out of whole cloth? Yes! Florence had disappeared. Rolfe fervently resolved that he would not accept the representations of Blanche as true until he had investigated further. If the banker's daughter had sought to delude him for some purpose of her own, why might she not have set a plot against her cousin to help carry out her evil design?

Rolfe returned to the office, but his mind was too distracted for engrossing work. He sat attending to routine business duties for some time, when a clerk came to his desk.

"A letter for you, Mr. Ashley," he said, tendering an envelope.

"For me?" asked Rolfe.

The letter was not postmarked, and Rolfe observed that it was written on the personal stationery of Mr. Vansant.

"I should have handed this to you at noon, sir," said the clerk, "but I was called out of the office and left it on my desk."

"From Mr. Vansant?" inquired Rolfe.

"Yes, sir. He asked me to hand it to you personally."

Rolfe opened the letter in some wonderment. He had just decided to write his resignation; in fact, had started to write it when the clerk had interrupted him.

In some surprise, Rolfe read as follows: "I take pleasure in advancing you to the cashiership of this house at an annual salary of two thousand dollars per annum."

It was signed by the banker. At an earlier date the missive would have been a welcome one. At the present time it fairly puzzled Rolfe.

What had occasioned this unheard-of liberality on the part of the banker? Had it come later, Rolfe might have expected a dismissal on account of his recent interview with Miss Vansant. The letter had been written before he had so lately seen her.

Now he became distrustful. He felt sure that some hidden ulterior motive had actuated this move on the part of his employer. Some queer things had happened in the business methods of the banker of late. Was Vansant seeking to attach his services closer than before in order to have a ready confidant, a reliable assistant in his intricate business dealings?

Rolfe reflected deeply over the situation. He did not believe the banker to be an especially honest man. Still, he had no idea of his ever overstepping the limit of business ethics at any time. At the end of an hour Rolfe made his decision.

He resolved to remain, at least for a time, in the service of Vansant. He would endure his false position as to the daughter. In this Rolfe was actuated by a thought of Florence. If he went away, he would have no opportunity of ever meeting her again. If she was the victim of some plot, his duty was to remain. His love for the fair, innocent girl impelled him to wait and watch, in the hope of discovering that Miss Vansant had wilfully and wickedly told a falsehood as to her elopement.

Mr. Vansant did not return to the bank that afternoon. At dusk, after Rolfe had gone to his boarding-house and eaten his supper, he took a stroll. It led him past the pretentious residence of the banker.

He noticed that a room of the wing, the library, was lighted, but the shades were tightly drawn. Had he been permitted to enter that apartment at that moment, the unsuspecting bank cashier would have been startled, more, appalled.

At a table sat the banker, and facing him was his daughter. He looked troubled and anxious, she grim, resolute.

"You say you intend to put your plan

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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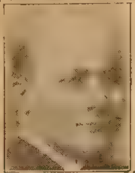
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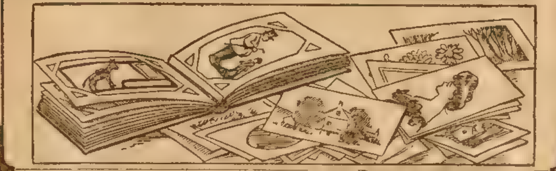

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CURE FOR CATARRH
TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

The Distress and Humiliation of Gagging, Spitting, Bad Breath and Hawking are Quickly Cured. This Treatment Has Cured the Most Serious and Chronic Cases of Catarrh.

Send Coupon Below With Your Name and Address Today for Free Trial Package of This Remarkable Treatment.

Hr-a-w-kk!

Catarrh Victims Fearfully Nauseating to Those Who Are Near Them

The Positive Cure for Catarrh Is the Gauss Treatment. A Free Trial, to Prove It, Is Sent to All Who Write for It.

There is nothing so nauseating as to have to sit next to a gagging catarrh victim, or to talk to one of them and have whiffs of bad catarrh breath constantly blown into your face. No man or woman suffering with catarrh can avoid these things because it is a part of the catarrh itself, though the victim may not realize or know that his very presence carries with it a certain garbage atmosphere. You can't smell your own breath, and you can seldom smell your own smell.

The constant spitting, and hacking, and nose-jerking is enough to make even the members of one's own family breathe a sigh of relief when the hawker closes the door behind him. Love itself wavers, and disgust forbids the kiss. Many useless things have been given out as cures, but it remains now after the slow process of experimentation and discovery, to offer the positive, real cure, which has been born of ceaseless searching and common sense.

A Cursing Humiliation to the Victim and Source of Disgust to Others.

Thousands Praise Gauss.

This is Gauss' Combined Treatment for Catarrh. The story is told over and over again a thousand times, of the lost birthright of health restored, of the happiness caused of the release from a degrading pestilence and of hope and comfort and sleep returned, by the use of this wonderful simple Gauss treatment They tell, as nothing else can, the misery in which catarrh plunges, the dangers it brings, the deaths it causes, and then again there are other pictures painted in these letters, of happiness and health redeemed, lost energy restored, and ambition reclaimed.

Send the Coupon.

If you are a catarrh victim, don't allow yourself any longer to be avoided by your friends because of your catarrh atmosphere, to be an object of nauseous disgust among strangers, to have people you know turn their faces away from you when you talk to them, to have people move away from you and stick up their noses as you sit next to them, to have your own family hate to have you come around—all because of the catarrh odor that everywhere and always makes you an outcast.

Gauss' Combined Treatment for Catarrh stops bad catarrh breath, right off short and quick, and cures every catarrh germ in the body. If a man or woman will spend the comparatively little time and money it takes to cure catarrh by means of the sure Gauss Treatment, the little coupon at the corner of this page will be cut out, and sent flying toward Marshall, Michigan, with the patient's name and address on it. By return mail will be sent the Gauss Treatment absolutely free for you to try and prove to yourself its great power. If you are a sufferer of catarrh, send coupon below today to C. E. Gauss, 1731 Main St., Marshall, Michigan, and get back a trial package of the treatment that positively cures catarrh.

United States Commissioner Heard From.

Having been absent for some time I now take the opportunity of answering your letter. I took the treatment as nearly as I could and would state that I am cured. It is the best catarrh medicine that I have ever taken, having tried everything that I could hear or read of; and I am thoroughly satisfied that it is the genuine remedy for catarrh and if ever I feel the effects of this disease coming back to me I should immediately order more of your treatment. Your medicine for taking internally I think is the best I have ever used for constipation or indigestion. You are at liberty to use the contents of this letter and any reference made to me will be cheerfully answered. Edward McCagherty, United States Commissioner, Warroad, Minn., Box 1.

Catarrh Everywhere; Evenon Pike's Peak.

No Man or Place Is Immune From the Deadly Catarrh Germ.

There is no part of the land which is free from catarrh. Altitudes and latitudes have little effect in destroying this omnipresent germ. Many imagine that the climate of the West, with its high altitudes and dry atmosphere, tends to prevent catarrh. There are just as many cases in proportion to the population west as east of the Mississippi, only the disease is not as severe, because of the climatic effect upon the nerves.

Even on Pike's Peak, which is over 14,000 feet above sea level, catarrh seemed to attack several of the attaches of the signal station located there some years ago.

No place is exempt, no human soul is immune from catarrh. Don't imagine because you don't live by a lake or a river that you can't have catarrh, or that you have only a chronic cold when your nose has been stopped up for some time. That is usually the way catarrh starts—with a bad cold.

"Happy Together Once More. Mr. Gauss Has Cured My Catarrh."

Better spend a few days destroying the catarrh germ right from the start, than waiting and putting off until you feel droppings in your throat and your nose plugged up.

The Gauss Complete Treatment will stop it and avoid for you years of future misery. Cut out the coupon below if you have even a slight cold, or a touch of catarrh, and send it to C. E. Gauss, who will send you a free package of the wonderful Gauss Treatment, so as to prove to yourself its great power.

It costs you nothing. Address coupon to C. E. Gauss, 1731 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

DEAFNESS CURED BY GAUSS.

When I wrote to you for your sample I was so deaf in either ear that I had to press a watch hard against them to hear a watch tick. But after taking your course of treatment my hearing came back and I can now hear the same watch tick fifteen feet away. Leon R. Atkin, Box 487, Petoskey, Mich.

C. E. GAUSS,

Mankind's Benefactor.

What I have done for thousands of others I will do for you. I offer you my treatment THAT WILL CURE catarrh, free of charge.

I can do no more—the matter lies entirely with your own good judgment. Simply fill out the coupon in the lower right hand corner—MAIL IT TODAY and you receive a trial package of my remedy free. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT. In a week's time you will be on the road to recovery.

Thought Wife a Consumptive

Your catarrh medicine is a wonderful medicine. My wife had it so bad everyone thought she had consumption. She used to cough all night, and could not sleep at all. One doctor gave her up. He said she would not get cured if she stayed here. I have tried all kinds of medicine and found them no good, till I tried yours, and it acted right away. You may mention my name if you please, and they can write to me and I will let them know how bad my wife was with catarrh. But she is a well woman once more. W. Thomas, 936 Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This is what everyone says after a fair trial of the Gauss Treatment. Fill in the coupon and mail it today. A trial package of the only reliable catarrh remedy will be sent you free.

An Old Soldier Grateful.

Mr. Gauss, I have finished your treatment now, and I am completely cured. My wife says she cannot detect any of it left and says my catarrh is gone. She ought to know for she is a graduated nurse. I am as truly grateful to you as an old soldier can be, for what your treatment has done for me, and certainly will recommend it to those whom I know are afflicted. You are certainly at liberty to use this if you want to in recommending your treatment to others.
W. B. Plumb.

A Glimpse of the Death Roll.

Catarrh in Many Cases Is the Real Death-Dealer.

Died of consumption, aged 32.
Died of acute bronchitis, aged 60.
Died of pneumonia, aged 25.
Died of cancer, aged 51.

And so on down the list. Do you find a mention of catarrh? No, because catarrh as a rule does not directly cause many deaths. "Died of pneumonia," should better be "died of pneumonia, caused by catarrh." The "caused by catarrh" is left off—what's the use? He's dead anyway. And so catarrh is looked upon as a disease of slight consequence by those who don't know. Over every catarrh sufferer, no matter whether he has been suffering a month or five years, there hangs a dark shadow which is pointing with its dark bony finger to the silent way. Will you follow it, or fight it?

Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment will save you, and avoid for you years of future misery. Gauss' Treatment permanently cures catarrh in the common-sense way. He proves it, too, with a free treatment he sends to you by return mail as soon as he receives the coupon at the bottom of this page. Cut out the coupon, fill in with your name and address and send today to C. E. Gauss, 1731 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

Cure is Certain.

You can cure that catarrh, slight or serious, once and forever by means of the only common-sense sure cure for catarrh, Gauss' Combined Treatment. We don't ask you to believe it before proving it yourself. Therefore we send you a trial package at our own expense absolutely free to you.

It Is Not Too Late.

Cut out the coupon below, fill in your name and address and take courage. Do it willingly and with hope. Mail it to C. E. Gauss 1731 Main St., Marshall, Mich., and you will get by return mail a free trial package of Gauss' Catarrh Treatment to prove that it will cure you.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON.

This coupon is good for a trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment, mailed free in plain package. Simply cut out the coupon, fill in blank lines with your name and address, and mail today to
C. E. GAUSS, 1731 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

Name ....

Address ....

(Write Plainly) ....

TO OUR READERS: We strongly advise you to take advantage of this exceptional offer. Send for the Free Trial Treatment and give it a trial.

Your Looking Glass Will Tell You

and so will your friends how much better you are looking after you have been benefitted by a few doses of the vegetable, harmless and certain Beecham's Pills. If your skin is sallow, your eyes dull; if you have pimples or blemishes—it is a sign your system needs help. And the best possible help you can obtain is the famous remedy

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Not alone in your better looks will you reap the benefit. You will be spared the headaches, the backaches, the lassitude, the extreme nervousness, the depression of spirits so many women suffer from at times when Nature needs assistance. Your system will be cleared; your nerves soothed; your stomach toned up; your liver and bowels stirred to healthy proper action. Your blood will be purified—and it takes pure, rich blood to make strength and good looks. You can rely on Beecham's Pills to make you feel better and to

Make You Look Better

Every woman who values her health should read special instructions with each box

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POWDER No.1
MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES INDIGESTION GAS ON THE STOMACH AND INTESTINES
THIS REMEDY REMOVES GALL STONES.
GEO. H. MAYR Mfg. Chemist Mayr Bldg., Chicago
POWDER No.2

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions**, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.**

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

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References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

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Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

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You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

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Marrying a Title.

(Continued from page sixteen.)

in execution to get me that $50,000 within thirty days?" remarked Vansant.

"And $50,000 more on top of it," affirmed Blanche confidently.

"How am I to help you?"

"By doing as I direct."

"I am willing."

"First, promote Rolfe Ashley."

"I have done so."

"Double his salary."

"Young Rolfe Ashley received notification of both facts today."

"Very good," nodded Blanche. "Next, of course, you will bond him."

"For a nominal amount, certainly, as is the general usage. It is a mere matter of form, however. Ashley is honest."

"Perhaps so, but in this instance his honesty is not in question."

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you. When you bond him, let the surety company insure him for $100,000."

The banker gave a violent start, and regarded his daughter piercingly.

"An extraordinary amount," he remarked, uneasily.

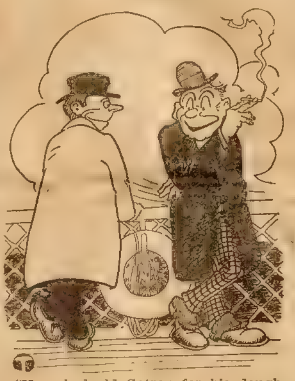
"To meet an extraordinary contingency, precisely," answered Blanche, calmly. "You will do as I say—bond him for $100,000."

"And then?" demanded the banker, in a strained, gasping voice.

"Then," replied his daughter, with cool, dreadful significance, "Rolfe Ashley must disappear from the sight of man!

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *



"He asked old Gotrox for his daughter's hand."

"What did he get?"

"Gotrox' foot."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Moon.

(Continued from page four.)

was the la-ad I seen yon Count of No-Account talkin' to outside the dure?"

"I know who you mean!" cried the other, eagerly. "One of his own kidney—an impoverished foreigner like himself who has somehow gotten the entrance to decent society."

"'Tis a shame," commented Timothy, "that such mutts sh'd be able ter mingle wit' us. It's becomin' as aisy ter break inter society as second-story work."

But the young man was, at the moment, unappreciative. "What about that other dago?" he demanded.

"Can you find him?" asked Timothy.

"Yes."

"Then search him," commanded Mr. Moon. "If the Count of No-Account swiped the leddy's diamonds, they ain't on him now. He arranged for that beforehand, take me word for it!"

I believe you," declared the young man, and hurried away.

The girl who had lost the gems was led tearfully out, the Count hovering about her. Mrs. Moon, however, was scarcely soothed before the second part of the program began.

"Whist, old woman!" said the husband, hoarsely. "Let be! I won't git pinched this time, so no har'rm's done. But sure, it sarves us right for minglin' in society where the wan at our elbow is like ter be a thief. We sh'd stay in our own class where we know the folks is honest. Sure, I'll kape me hand on me pocketbook the whilst I remain here, Mahala!"

In next week's Ledger the reader will find another of these charming stories, called "Timothy and The Black Hand." We strongly advise you to read it.

Biggs—Ever in a railway accident?

Jiggs—Well, I kissed a pretty girl once, going through a tunnel.

Biggs—Not a very serious accident, that!

Jiggs—Yes, it was; I married her.

* * *

Chinese Athletes.

"Chinese have not hitherto been very conspicuous in the athletic world, though all who know them are aware of what feats of endurance they can undergo," says a writer. "The march of the late Li Hung Chang's troops from Tientsin to Pekin on the occasion of the coup d'etat at the Chinese capital will doubtless occur to many, among other creditable performances. It is interesting to note, therefore, that a number of Chinese have entered for the Olympic games at Stockholm next year. Generally speaking, Chinese as a race have never seen the advantages of athletic games, and their amusements and recreations take less strenuous forms.

"Officials who attend race meetings at Hongkong or treaty ports, or watch a cricket match, fail to see why you should exert yourself when you have the means of paying some one else to do it for you. That they can become efficient at games may be gathered from what has been achieved by students at universities in this country, by what the groundmen do at such places as the athletic clubs in Shanghai and by what is being taught at the colleges on western lines in China.

"No one who has seen them will deny that they reach a very creditable standard. The west is leaving its mark on the east in the athletic field and it will be to the physical improvement of the east."

* * *

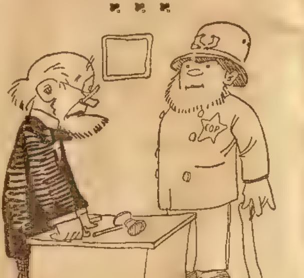
Careful Japanese.

That extraordinary care which is taken by the Japanese in their very exact "flower arrangements" is illustrated by Frederick S. Isham, the novel writer. He was present at a demonstration in Kyoto of the art of placing flowers, leaves and branches together in an artistic manner. At one point a little maid apparently offended the "master" deeply. He spoke to her and ended by ordering her to retire. She did so, probably the most broken-hearted girl in Kyoto, and the master proceeded to alter her work.

The American, who had seen nothing wrong, ventured to ask what was the matter, whereupon he was informed that she had placed twelve leaves in a certain combination instead of thirteen. Twelve, it seems, was the right number 200 years ago, but thought, study, meditation and prayer had led to the discovery that not twelve but thirteen was the correct number for the artistic effect of that particular arrangement.

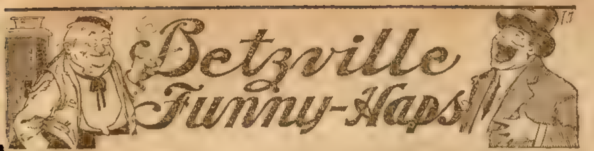
This may seem a trifling alteration, but it suggests Michael Angelo's retort, in which he pointed out the relation between trifles and perfection.

* * *



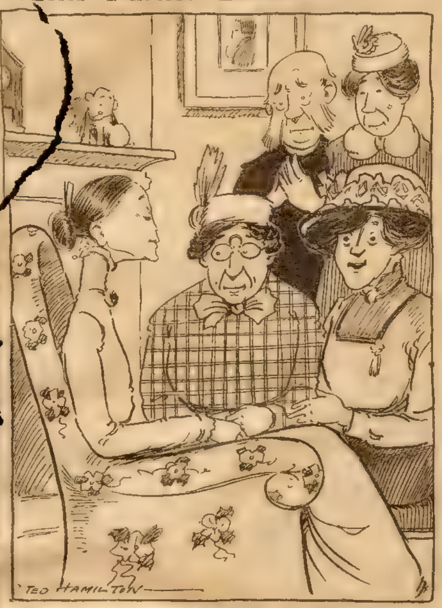
Magistrate—That murderer—you have released him? For heaven's sake, what does that mean?

Country policeman—Oh, I misunderstood him when I arrested him. He is innocent!



Rhinocolura's Absent Treatment

By Ellis Parker Butler



Rhinocolura's nose had shrunk until it was a mere [illegible]iscence.

An unfortunate thing happened to Aunt Rhinocolura Betz of Betzville, and for some time she had to temporarily retire from the best Betzville society, in which she is accustomed to mingle freely. Six months ago Aunt Rhinocolura began taking the new-thought absent treatment from a beauty doctor at Philadelphia and the waves arrived at her home every Thursday at 10 a. m. Although long a leader of Betzville society, Aunt Rhinocolura's nose has been a thorn in her side, so to speak, on account of its very pugginess. Experts in noses have remarked, in passing through our village, that Aunt Rhinocolura's nose was the limit. It was so short and stubby, with a sway-backed bridge, and a tilt toward higher and better things. For many years Aunt Rhinocolura intended seeing a beauty doctor about it, but kept putting it off until she received the circular from the Philadelphia man, who claimed to be able to beautify at long range. Although not having much faith, she decided to try him.

For several treatments she did not seem to notice that the thought waves were having any effect on her nose, but she decided to be patient, knowing it was an extreme case, her nose having become chronic, as the doctors say, and tough, but she did what she could to help the beauty waves by keeping her nose well vaselined and by massaging it with the flat of her thumb to render it soft and sympathetic. At the eighth treatment, however, she gave this up, for she was startled to find that, as she supposed, the massaging was gradually pushing her nose into her face. But when, after two more treatments, she found that her nose would no longer hold her eye-glasses, she knew the beauty doctor was really having some effect.

At first Aunt Rhinocolura was surprised to find her nose lessening in this way, and it was quite an annoyance not to be able to wear her nose glasses, but she got a pair of lorgnettes, which she could hold in her hand, and got along very well. As for her nose retreating a little, she looked at it logically. She knew she had a very stubborn case of nose, and that it would be quite a feat to turn it into an aristocratic nose, with a bee-line profile, and she knew that when a jumper is going to make an extraordinarily hard jump he usually steps back a few feet to get a good start, and she thought that probably her nose was just backing up a little to get a good ready for a big spurt.

So Aunt Rhinocolura rested peacefully, and every Thursday at 10 a. m. she would turn her nose toward Philadelphia and assume a quiescent state of mind, and the beauty waves would come hurtling along and impinge on her nose. So many citizens wanted to be present at the occasions when the waves arrived that she had to issue admission cards, and it was indeed affecting to see our best society sitting around Aunt Rhinocolura waiting for her nose to wiggle. It affected her nose that way. Exactly at 10 a. m. the waves would arrive, and for fifteen minutes, while they continued, Aunt Rhinocolura's nose would tremble like a rabbit's and then all our best society would rush up to see how much Aunt Rhinocolura's nose had grown. The most sanguine always claimed to be able to see considerable improvement each time, but at last even they had to admit that Aunt Rhinocolura's nose had worn down to a nubbin the size of a push-button, and presently it did not look like anything but a dried pea—a little, wrinkled, yellow dried pea. And it was still shrinking!

Just then was when her cousin, Gildad Betz, came for a short visit, and the moment he saw Aunt Rhinocolura's nose he remarked that all was not well with it. It was about the size of a pin-head by the time he had stayed over another treatment, and the only way Aunt Rhinocolura could tell she had a nose at all was by feeling for it gently with her little finger. Then she could feel something that felt like a grain of salt. But Cousin Gildad did not say much, lest he start opprobrious remarks about himself, for he had a most peculiar thing on his left hand. It was about a yard long, and braided, and the braid coiled up and tied with a pink ribbon. Aunt Rhinocolura saw he was sensitive about it, so she said nothing about it for quite a while, but at last she could not refrain any longer, and she spoke to him about it, and said he ought to have something done for it.

Then Cousin Gildad came right out and said he was having something done, and that he was taking thought waves from a beauty doctor at Philadelphia, and that the waves came every Wednesday at 4 p. m., but that he was getting hopeless. He said the thing was warts. He had had three warts on the back of his left hand, and he was taking the thought-wave treatment to have them removed, but that as soon as the treatment began the warts began to grow, until they were so long he had to braid them and do them up in a coil to keep from stepping on them. He said he hoped it was part of the cure, but that if they got much longer he would write to the man. He said no man could expect to remain indolent while his warts were rapidly gaining the two-yard post.

By that time Aunt Rhinocolura's nose had shrunk until it was a mere reminiscence, and she persuaded Cousin Gildad that they ought to write to the beauty doctor, so they did. Come to find out, the office help had got the two Betz names mixed, and had entered them wrong on the card system, and the doctor had been giving Cousin Gildad a growing treatment for his warts and Aunt Rhinocolura an effacing treatment for her nose.

But the doctor was a most accommodating man, and he wrote that, although their course of treatment had expired in both cases, he would give them a post-graduate course at only half-price. So the next Thursday at 10 a. m. he began, and at 10:15 Aunt Rhinocolura had enough nose to see with a microscope, but it was still more of a dent than a bump. And the next Wednesday at 4:15 p. m., Cousin Gildad measured his warts and found they had shrunk an inch. So he kept on with the treatment until his warts were all gone, but the very minute Aunt Rhinocolura found her nose back to its old size and specifications she turned her nose away from Philadelphia. But she will never be quite the same again, for whenever her nose happens to point in that direction accidentally it begins to tremble and palpitate like a thing in distress.

Look out for "Philo Gubb's Auto Hen," which will be the Funny-Hap in next week's Ledger. It is a merry conceit. Get it sure.

❧ ❧ ❧

TIED DOWN

20 Years' Slavery—How She Got Freedom.

A dyspepsia veteran who writes from one of England's charming rural homes to tell how she won victory in her 20 year's fight, naturally exults in her triumph over the tea and coffee habit:

"I feel it a duty to tell you," she says, "how much good Postum has done me. I am grateful, but also desire to let others who may be suffering as I did, know the delightful method by which I was relieved.

"I had suffered for 20 years from dyspepsia, and the giddiness that usually accompanies that painful ailment, and which frequently prostrated me. I never drank much coffee, and cocoa and even milk did not agree with my impaired digestion, so I used tea, exclusively, till about a year ago, when I found in a package of Grape-Nuts the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'

"After a careful reading of the booklet I was curious to try Postum and sent for a package. I enjoyed it from the first, and at once gave up tea in its favor.

"I began to feel better very soon. My giddiness left me after the first few days' use of Postum, and my stomach became stronger so rapidly that it was not long till I was able (as I still am) to take milk and many other articles of food of which I was formerly compelled to deny myself. I have proved the truth of your statement that Postum 'makes good, red blood.'

"I have become very enthusiastic over the merits of my new table beverage, and during the past few months, have conducted a Postum propaganda among my neighbors which has brought benefit to many, and I shall continue to tell my friends of the 'better way' in which I rejoice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Like Some Laws.

Senator La Follette was talking about a rather ineffectual law.

"I sometimes think," he said, "that this law is not severe enough. I sometimes think that it is like a young and pretty matron of Madison.

"This matron put her head out of the window one afternoon and called:

"'Tommy! Tommy!'

"Her little son looked up from his play—he was playing with a very dirty and disreputable urchin—and said

"'That's mother. She's going to spank me'

"'Oh, my!' said the dirty boy. 'What's she going to spank you for?'

"'For playing with you,' said the clean boy calmly. 'Wait for me. She never takes long. I'll be out again in less than five minutes.'"

❧ ❧ ❧

Her Wrong Name.

A woman who has her mild little eccentricities always designates herself 'Susan Westford, spinster." It has grown to be a habit with her, and she says it automatically whenever she has occasion to give her name, whether to a pupil, a casual acquaintance or a shopkeeper.

Recently she broke her eyeglasses, and took them to an optician for repair. She gave directions to the clerk and promised to call for them at the end of the week.

"Name, please," said the clerk.

"Susan Westford, spinster," said the lady, and the clerk made the entry in his book.

When Miss Westford called another clerk was on duty. A search was made, but no glasses were awaiting any one of her name

"But they must be here. I was told two days ago they would be ready. Won't you please look again? I need them badly."

The clerk searched in vain. "Nothing for Westford," said he, and the lady moved toward the door sorely vexed in spirit.

Not until she was well on her way down the block did it occur to her that the clerk might possibly have misunderstood. She hastened back. "Would you mind looking through the S's? Is there by any chance a pair of glasses for Spinster?"

"Certainly, madam; here it is—'Susan W. Spinster,' You gave the wrong name by accident. Three dollars, please. Thanks. Good afternoon."

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BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

TOM OF STONY POINT;

Or, Fighting With Mad Anthony

By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

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Segun in No. 48 Dec. 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

REUBEN'S WOOING.

WHEN Reuben Dickey, the young Tory, saw the heavy cellar door in Meg Moffin's retreat close upon Tom, and knew that he had been sent into the dark to come face to face with a man-eating bullhound, his spirit relented, but he dared not interpose a hand to interfere with the woman's vengeance. After a brief stay in the place he betook himself off with his companions.

He was still nettled over the trick which Mistress Flook had played on him in the meadow, and he had been chaffed so much over his milk bath that he resolved to pay his fair trickster a visit for the purpose of seeing if he could not get her to listen to his love-making, though he inwardly confessed that he had a difficult task before him.

Fresh from his second capture of Tom, he presented himself not long thereafter at the door of Dicie's home, and in response to his summons he caught sight of her surprised visage.

Dicie's father was a great Tory, and was known far and wide for the anti-liberty principles he held.

To his astonishment there was no look of resentment in Dicie's eyes, and when she obligingly invited Reuben inside, he imagined that everything had been concluded and that he had been restored to the girl's favor.

If he expected Dicie to make apologies for the milk bath, he was mistaken. She was finishing a lambrequin, and now and then her brilliant eyes were lifted to Reuben's anxious face.

"I hear that you have had quite an adventure," she suddenly said. "It is true, then, that you really captured Tom Hewlett and were conveying him to Stony Point when he was taken out of your hands?"

Rebeun felt the sting in those words, but did not betray himself.

"I did catch the young Rebel," answered Reuben, with a slight cough, "and but for one of his Rebel kind, I would have landed him safe and sound in the dungeons of the fort."

"The tables are often turned in war time," observed Dicie.

"It seems so," answered Reuben, with bitterness, but the next moment his countenance lit up with a smile.

"Do you not think Tom will pay you back in your own coin?" asked Tory Flook's daughter

"I think not," with decision. "He is past doing that now."

Dicie's look at this became almost a stare.

"Why not, Reuben?"

"Because he is just now in durance."

"What, have you caught Master Hewlett again?"

"That I have!" exclaimed Reuben. "He won't march with Mad Anthony when that brave undertakes to reduce Stony Point."

"I do not understand. You aren't going to keep me in hot water?"

"I don't see why I should, since you are for the King."

"Of course we are for the King," smilled Dicie. "You did not think we had turned Rebel?"

Reuben apologized.

"I don't see why it should be a secret," said he. "I did not convey Tom to Stony Point this time. It was not necessary. I simply turned him over to Meg of the Red Horse Inn."

Dicie's face went a trifle pale.

"To that creature?" she exclaimed. "Why, she has no feelings at all."

"I guess that's why she wanted Tom."

"And what; pray, has she done with him?"

Reuben was loth to tell Dicie that Meg had consigned Tom to the tender mercies of her new bullhound. However, having gone as far as he had, there seemed no other way out of it.

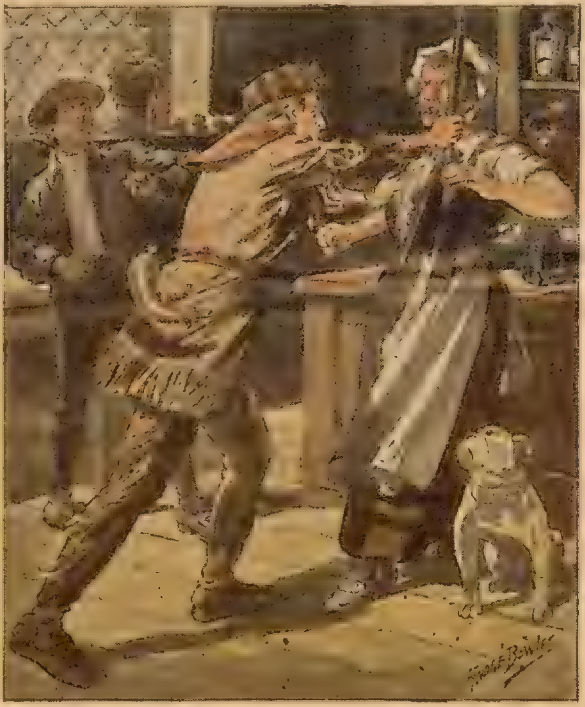
"Why, that dog was ours till a short time ago," cried Dicie. "Father got rid of him on account of his fierceness. We just couldn't keep him at all. He sold him for a trifling sum to Meg."

"I did not inquire where the dog came from," said Reuben. "And Meg didn't see fit to enlighten me."

"Why, Lion is capable of tearing a man to pieces!" exclaimed Dicie. "And you tell me that Tom Hewlett, Rebel though he be, has been cast bound into a dark cellar where that brute is kept?"

Reuben nodded in silence.

"Well," exclaimed Dicie Flook, "I have my opinion of Meg, and I must also entertain one of the persons who would turn a helpless captive over to her."



"Not quite so fast."

This was gall and wormwood to the youth who had come to woo, and he was compelled to swallow his chagrin with the gaze of Dicie riveted upon him.

"It can't be helped now," he said in the best manner possible. "I have not come hither to talk of Tom and his fortunes."

"You should say his misfortunes," corrected the girl.

"I have come, Dicie, to resume the conversation which was broken off some days ago."

There was no reply, and Dicie's eyes dropped in silence to the task before her.

"Your father, you know, is an ardent Tory and proud of the fact that he serves the King," proceeded the captain of the Loyal Legion. "Of course a Rebel husband for his only daughter is not to be thought of. His soul would revolt at the idea."

"That it would, Reuben."

This was encouragement for the boy, and he took hope from that very moment.

"We are going to subdue the rebellious Colonies, and when that is done there will be some wholesale hangings."

"I don't doubt that."

"We shall hang General Washington, and make an example of such Rebel plunderers as Mad Anthony, who is now in our region with his tatterdemalions for the purpose of reducing Stony Point."

A little smile at this moment overspread Dicie's face.

"I fear you underrate those same Rebels, Reuben," said she slowly.

"I know they fight well sometimes, but we shall subdue them just the same."

"Then and not until then will those hangings of which you speak take place."

This was a little backset, but Reuben did not take much notice of it.

"I have come, Mistress Dicie," said he, leaning toward the fair girl, "to speak the ardent sentiments of my heart. I have long carried your sweet image in my heart. You have been present with me in my dreams, as well as in my waking hours——"

"You don't mean that you have the nightmare?" interrupted the girl, as a merry smile heightened her color.

Reuben's face flushed.

"This is not a jesting matter," he stammered. "I have come to ask for your hand."

"Which yet belongs to my father," said Dicie.

"But you have a will of your own," persisted the youth. "Like should be united to like, and as both of us are Loyalists——"

"Oh!" broke in the girl. "Do you really mean to say that you want to make me Mrs. Dickey?"

Reuben colored again.

"Surely you cannot misconstrue my words!" he exclaimed. "I have spoken as plainly as possible. This war will soon be over, for the Rebels are almost ready to give up——"

"Really, this is news," interjected Dicie. "Father, as yet, has no such hopes."

"But it is true. Now, Mistress Dicie, if

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love I offer and make
fe——"

ed the girl, rising suddenly
to the door. "I shall return

rture left Reuben quite alone.
had fluctuated all evening.
were on the pinnacle of happi-
now a word, a look from the
Tory had dashed them earth-
ward.

He did not have to wait long for Dicie's return. She soon came back, bearing in her hands a pitcher, which she placed on the table with a sly glance at her visitor.

"I have been to the springhouse," said she. "I believe you are very fond of milk, Reuben?"

Recollections of the milk bath in the meadow rushed across Reuben's mind.

Dicie reached up to a convenient shelf and took down a mug, which she placed beside the pitcher. A dark scowl settled over the young Tory's face.

"I fear you did not enjoy your drink the other day," she went on, lifting her eyes to Reuben's. "Permit me to tender another, with profound apologies."

She filled the mug with the white fluid, and pushed it toward her guest.

"Come!" she cried, as Reuben hesitated. "You can pledge the King in milk as well as my father pledges him in wine."

"But you haven't answered me!" retorted Reuben.

"Very well," responded Dicie, withdrawing the mug. "It is said that a burnt child dreads the fire. It that why you refuse the milk, Reuben?"

He noticed the change which had come to Dicie's face, and with it went his last hope.

"I shall not stay to be trifled with!" he flashed, springing to his feet. 'I half believe you are Rebel."

"Not altogether Rebel," was the prompt answer, as the eyes of the speaker fairly glowed. "But you seem to have come to the wrong place for your wooing."

Reuben almost stamped the floor in his resentment.

"Some day you will be hunting a Rebel lover!" cried he, as he felt his cheeks grow white. "I wouldn't touch your milk for all the gold in the world!"

"Just as you like," was the reply. "But you will turn Tom Hewlett over to the mercies of such a vixen as Mistress Moffin of the Red Horse Inn."

"Yes, and I'm glad I did so!" flashed Reuben. "By this time Lion has sharpened his teeth on a Rebel carcass, and——"

"Yonder is the door!" interrupted Dicie, as her eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire. "I am ashamed that the loyalty I have given the King is responded to by such a heartless young wretch as you are."

This, of course, was the last straw, and with a furious look Reuben crunched his cap upon his head and strode indignantly across the room.

"You might do me the favor of trying the milk, Master Dickey," cried Dicie, with piquant merriment. "It is fresh from the spring, and a good deal whiter than the heart which flutters in your breast."

Reuben's response was a look of rage, and the next moment the laugh of the Tory's daughter rang out behind him.

"What?" she cried out. "Tom Hewlett in Meg's cellar and at the mercy of Lion? He is Alice's friend, and Alice and I are not enemies. It may be too late to save him, but, thank Heaven, old Archie may be at home!"

She caught up a shawl and threw it over her head, and almost before Reuben's footsteps had ceased to sound in her ears, she was on her way to the old coon hunter's cabin.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT OF THE TRAP.

"What! Tom in the clutches of that daughter of Satan?" exclaimed old Archie Black, after Dicie had told him of the scenes that had lately been enacted at the Red Horse Inn. "I won't stand for such doings, girl." He reached for his rifle which stood in one corner of the room. "You kin go back satisfied. I'll take care of Tom and the rest of them. I don't believe you're more than half Tory, anyhow." Dicie smiled. "Tom shan't be torn by that dog if I can help it. Go back, I say."

He saw the Tory's daughter glide away, and then leaned back against the wall.

"Won't I get Tom out o' the trap?" he said to himself. "If I don't, may my name be something besides old Archie."

A strange thing had happened to Tom. As we have seen, he was not gently handled when he was thrust into the dark pit where Meg kept her new acquisition in the dog line. He was tumbled down the steps and landed at the bottom, where for the first time he realized his new peril. The tense growl told him that he was cooped up with a ferocious dog of the same savage nature as Tiger, his predecessor. But he could see nothing.

As he strained at his bonds, he discovered that the rough handling had loosened them. A thrill of hope danced through every fiber of his being. One more tug, and he was free from the cords, but still in peril of his life. Noises still echoed overhead, and a faint light came down to him through a crack in the floor.

Knowing that the dog was somewhere in the cellar, Tom began to hunt for a weapon of defense. Fortune again favored him. His hand came in contact with a step which was loose, and with a little gasp of joy he wrenched it from its fastenings, and planting himself at the foot of the flight, he prepared to receive his adversary.

Minutes passed and at last sounds of voices died away. He heard the closing of a door overhead, and then the tramp of feet across the porch in front of the inn. Reuben and his companions had taken their departure, and Meg was alone in her trap.

He knew that the door above him was secured, for he had heard the bolts shot back, and his strength would be powerless to move the heavy planks. But why did the dog not come forward for the battle which he deemed inevitable?

Perhaps Meg was waiting for sounds of the fight in the cellar, and Tom could imagine her standing in a listening attitude, with her face aflame with vengeance.

All at once a cold nozzle touched his hands. He withdrew it with an exclamation of horror. The dog had left his corner and was actually touching him. Tom shrank upward a step, and lifted the weapon which he had secured.

He knew the odds were against him. The dog might spring at him from an unexpected quarter and begin the contest by taking him unawares.

After a few seconds of fear, that same cold nozzle again pressed his body. He was about to strike out with all his might, hoping that good luck would direct the blow when he heard a peculiar whine.

Perhaps, after all, the dog was inviting friendship. Tom put down his hand and felt a great head, which was not withdrawn as he patted it experimentally. His hand was licked, and he renewed the caresses. For some time he invited friendship, and the moments passed without a battle.

The inn had grown very still. But for the arrow of light which fell in one corner of the dungeon, he would have thought that Meg had retired, but that little streak told him that she was waiting to hear the attack.

A long hour of dreadful suspense followed. Tom had put aside the step, and was now on good terms with the bullhound, which had crouched at his feet and apparently fallen asleep. Had it not been for the closed door he would not have felt so bad, but he was still a prisoner in that awful place, and Meg was his merciless guardian.

At last he heard the sound of a released bolt, and he stepped back with upturned face. A light fell upon his face, and looking up, he beheld the distorted features of the ogress of the inn. Meg was investigating.

"Why don't you do your duty, Lion?" he heard her gruff voice say. "It's a Rebel lamb I've sent you. You've got teeth for such flesh, so at him and finish the job."

Tom did not reply.

"You don't get a bite till you've finished the boy," Meg continued, shifting her light in order to take note of the situation beneath her. "He's Mad Anthony's spy and you'll be doing his royal majesty a service by whetting your teeth on the young Rebel's bones."

It was all Tom could do to refrain from leaping up the steps and dealing the woman a blow full in her repulsive face. He itched to do so, but beat down the burning desire.

"Ha!" continued Meg, for the first time catching sight of her captive. "How do you like it, my young tiger?"

Tom's look was answer enough.

"It's not quite so pleasant as serving Mad Anthony!" she laughed. "Where's your commission to come from now?"

"Not from you, at least," flashed the boy. "The dog has more mercy than his mistress."

An exclamation of vengeance broke from the woman's throat.

"Perhaps you had better come down and attend to me in person," the boy went on. "Your dog refuses the task you've set for him."

"Oh, he'll come to his mutton," laughed Meg, as she withdrew. "You're in for the time of your life, Master Hewlett."

The light and the face vanished, and the heavy door fell back to its place. Once more Tom was in darkness.

He heard Meg tramping across the floor, growling out her disappointment. She was like a raging tigress.

All at once the sounds ceased.

"Who's there?" he heard Meg cry out, in tones of evident alarm.

There was no reply, but the next moment there came the crash of a broken door, and a yell of rage sounded through the house.

"Keep out of my house! I am mistress here, and I want no visitors any more tonight."

"I'm here whether you want to see me or not!" exclaimed a voice which caused Tom to start. "I have a habit of coming when I'm neither expected nor wanted. Where's Tom?"

It was Archie, the coon hunter!

"I tell you this house is my castle," roared Meg.

"Wal, the castle is going to be stormed," was the answer. "This is no picnic, Mistress Meg."

"Get out, I say!"

"When I've found Tom, and not before. Where's the boy, I say? In the cellar yet?"

Tom raised his step and struck the heavy door a hard blow.

"Oh, I hear him!" Archie exclaimed.

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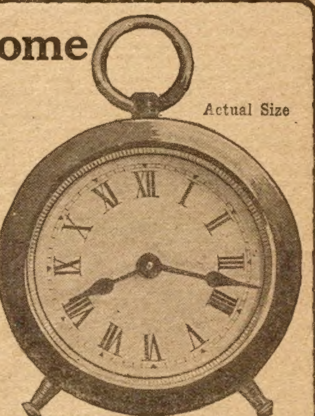

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"You won't open the door, eh?"

"Not for the likes of you, Archie Black."

"Then, I'll open it myself."

Tom heard a hand at the bolts and bounded up the flights.

The door opened in his face, and he sprang through the opening to land in the full glare of Meg's candles.

"Not chawed up yet?" cried old Archie, in tones of joy. "I say, Tom, this seems to be in the nick of time."

"It is, Archie! It is!" was the response. "The dog was more merciful than his keeper."

Meg was trembling with illy suppressed anger.

"I say this is a pretty howdy do," said Archie, turning to her. "Some time I'm going to burn this Tory nest o' yours."

"If you dare, Rebel Black."

"By Jove! I'm minded to touch off the match tonight."

Tom had taken his stand beside Archie, whose old eyes seemed to snap, and he could see that the coon hunter was fairly beside himself with rage.

"Come, Tom," he suddenly said, turning to the boy. "Some other time will do as well. We'll leave this tool of Satan to herself for the present, but I swear she'll soon have to hunt another den, or bunk with the birds in the woods."

All at once Meg, with a cry of vengeance, sprang across the room and snatched a musket from a corner. She whirled upon Archie with a hoarse ejaculation, and the weapon was pushed into his face.

"Not quite so fast!" cried the coon hunter. "It's a double game, my hyena," and suiting the action to his words, he threw himself forward and suddenly wrenched the weapon from her grasp.

"That's better," he said, throwing it through the open door and far across the porch. I'm as limber as an eel, if I have passed the three score mark. Now, Tom, we'll leave the beauty to her happy dreams."

Tom was not loth to quit the place. With a farewell glance at the fuming vixen, he followed Archie out of the house, and heard the roar of abuse which leaped venomously from Meg's tongue.

"How did you learn of my predicament, Archie?" the young spy asked, when the inn was some rods behind them.

"I'll wager you can't guess, lad?"

"I cannot, Archie."

"Well, Dicie brought me word."

"Dicie Flook?"

"Yes."

"But she's Tory, Archie."

"Not dyed in the wool, I reckon. She got her news from Reuben, who boasted of his victory, and Dicie lost no time getting to my cabin."

"I'll have to thank Dicie."

"Plenty o' time for that," smiled the old man. "We've got other work on hand first."

"Yes?"

"I've got it straight that Mad Anthony is going to march tomorrow. He is going to try the fort."

"Good!" exclaimed Tom.

"You'll have another chance to meet Colonel Johnson, and perhaps you'd better take a few apples along, for I'm told he's fond o' them."

Tom laughed heartily at this sally, and went along, looking up into the old hunter's face in the moonlight.

"Tomorrow!" he said aloud. "I hope we shall see the inside of Stony Point."

"Aye, that we shall!" exclaimed Archie, with a grin on his sallow face. "Tomorrow will be a glorious day for the cause of human liberty. All the powers o' darkness cannot keep Mad Anthony out o' the fort above the Hudson!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It was the memorable 15th of July, 1779. General Wayne with his gallant little army broke camp and turned their faces toward Stony Point.

Thanks to Tom Hewlett, Mad Anthony knew all about the strength of his foes and was ready for the encounter. He had ordered all the dogs in the neighborhood killed, for he intended to assault the fort under cover of darkness, and did not want a stray canine to herald his approach to the watchful British.

Tom and Ned, with old Archie, had taken their places in the American ranks, and Tom had elected to serve under Major Steward, whose columns were to lead the assault where the hardest fighting was expected, and Ned marched beside him. It was a day long to be remembered.

Mad Anthony had commanded that all muskets should be kept unloaded, for the fort was to be taken with the bayonet, and any man who disobeyed orders was to be killed by his superior officer.

"It looks like hot work, lad," observed old Archie to Tom, as they marched silently along. "We are to give the redcoats cold steel and teach them a lesson they'll never forget."

"Yes, Archie, and I hope we shall hoist the flag over the British ramparts before another dawn."

"That we will, Tom! Mad Anthony never fails, and when we have taken the fort, we'll pay our respects to Meg and her friends."

Stony Point was well defended. The enemy had considered it impregnable, and had laughed at rumors that Wayne might undertake to reduce it by sudden assault. Its guns had been planted so as to sweep every approach. On one side lay a swamp or morass, and on the other the rolling Hudson. Major Steward's command had been ordered to sweep across the northern end of the swamp and cross a sandbar there, after which it was to assault the north end of the point.

This was the danger center of the movement. Every man had received a piece of white paper which he placed in his hat to distinguish him from the enemy, and it was ordered that when the fort was taken, and not before, the victors when they entered the fort should give the watchword: "The fort is ours!"

The night fell darkly about the little command. Tom and his friends found the sandbar covered with water, but they plunged in, though it was up to their necks, and pushed on.

It was almost midnight when Mad Anthony placed himself at the head of his troops and gave the command: "Forward!"

Not a word followed the command. Not a musket flashed. All were gripped by resolute hands, and the men kept together.

The splashing of the water, as the brave Americans crossed the bar, was heard by the keen sentry. His musket rang out and the ball whistled past Tom's head.

"A miss is as good as a mile, eh, lad?" whispered old Archie. "We'll introduce 'em to the bayonet d'rectly."

Concealment was no longer possible. As the army rushed up the slope, the enemy manned the ramparts and opened a furious fire. To this Wayne's men did not reply in kind, but charged on with the bayonet.

By the light of the firing muskets Tom could see the men at the guns. Suddenly a ball struck General Wayne in the forehead, and he tottered backward.

"March on!" he said to his officers. "Help me forward. Let me die at the head of the column."

"Faster! faster!" cried old Archie. "Ah, here we are," and mounting the breastwork alongside of Tom, he bayoneted a redcoat who fell back among his companions.

All at once a soldier caught sight of Tom and sprang at him. By the light of the muskets the young patriot recognized him as a Tory who had enlisted in the King's forces, and the next moment he was warding off a tremendous blow.

"Spy! traitor!" cried the Tory, as Tom's weapon descended upon him, and the man fell into the ditch.

The fort was now attacked on all sides, for the other columns had come up, and

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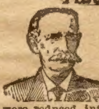

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All you need to do to put it on is to place it around the neck, cross it over, and button the snap button. Nothing easier—no pins or clasps to scratch your neck or fingers—nothing to tear or rip. Once put on it stays on—and in place too. They come in two colors—snow white and maroon red. The picture shows it on a man, but women and children wear them just as much. In fact, pa, ma, and the children like them equally well.

How to get the Muffler Free!

In the first place do it right away, for they are mighty neat and dainty and the demand is big, but the stock is limited. This dandy knitted muffler, in either white or red, will be given for a limited time free, all charges prepaid by us, to any one who fills out the coupon below and send it to us with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. We treat old and new subscribers alike on this magnificent offer—if you are already a subscriber send the dollar and we will extend your subscription a year from the time it now expires. Some people are renewing for two or three years so they can get them for other members of the family, for they are great—believe us.

……………………CUT OUT AND SEND TO US.……………………

W. D. Boyce Co.,
600 Dearborn Ave.,
Chicago.

Enclosed find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Please send the muffler free of all charges to me.

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Street or R. F. D. No. ……………………

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Color of Muffler wanted …………… This is a …………… Subscription (new or renewal)

battle was soon over. Everywhere enemy was falling upon their knees throwing away their muskets.

Mercy! mercy! dear Americans! Quar- ! Quarter!" they were crying in every ection.

The British flag was pulled down, and the guns of the fort were turned on the sloop Vulture, which stood at anchor in the river.

"What do you think of it, Tom?" laughed old Archie, as he leaned on his gun and surveyed the scene. "This is a victory worth shouting over. Mad Anthony was only stunned by the ball, and now he is receiving Colonel Johnson's sword. I wonder if the Colonel would like an apple just now?"

It was indeed a glorious triumph. The Americans had lost less than one hundred men, while the enemy's loss had en greater, and almost six hundred oners were in their hands.

Colonel Johnson was in no good humor. As he stood in the center of the parade ground, his roving eye fell upon Tom. His brow puckered.

"Come here," he said to the youth, and Tom advanced and saluted his captive e.

"I guess you're to blame for this," id the officer. "I know you now. If I ad had my wits about me the other night, Stony Point might still be in my hands."

"I only did my duty, Colonel Johnson," answered our hero.

"To be sure you did," said Johnson, with a forced smile. "I guess it was those apples that caught me," and he turned away.

The next day Tom and his friends were back on the old stamping grounds. The Americans were jubilant, and the Tories kept out of sight.

"I wonder what has become of Reuben and Cletus?" said Tom, several days after the victory, as he sat in front of old Archie's cabin recalling the night battle.

"I hear that he and the boys of the Loyal League have sought a more congenial clime," was the answer, accompanied by a smile. "Old Ford and his nd have also made themselves scarce. As for Meg, she is still holding her nest, but it will soon be not worth inhabiting. It has been an eyesore to liberty too long already."

Tom did not reply, but he knew what was passing through the old coon hunter's mind.

The very next night a lurid flame lit p the heavens, and those who looked new that the Red Horse Inn would soon be a heap of ashes. Meg bundled up her effects and fled from the righteous engeance of those whom she had wronged. She never came back to the neighborhood.

One day, months after the capture of Stony Point, Dicie Flook, seated on the porch of her home, saw a familiar figure coming up the road. A smile overspread her face, as she recognized Reuben.

The boy who had ventured back from exile came on till he halted before the Tory's daughter.

"I beg pardon, Mistress Dicie," he said in half-starved tones. "I have walked a long distance to get back to the old place once more. I'm very thirsty, and——"

"You shall have a good drink," interrupted the beautiful girl, rising. "I have some cool milk in the springhouse——"

"Milk let it be, then," whimpered Reuben. "I'm not averse to milk, any more."

Thus old friendship was renewed, and when Reuben said that he had changed his views regarding the war, Dicie confessed that she had always been at heart atriot, and when Reuben came back his lovemaking he was no longer unsuccessful.

General Wayne complimented Tom for his gallant work in the campaign against Stony Point, and Washington sent him a letter which also contained a lieutenant's commission in the American army. Tom, at old Archie's suggestion, accepted the honor, and followed the fortunes of Mad Anthony to the close of the war.

Every act he performed was to his own credit and that of his country, and when he came back wearing a captain's insignia, he was met by Alice, to whom he had already spoken endearing words, and on the day when they became one, Reuben and Dicie were among the wedding guests.

Not only this, but among the presents was a handsome sword, the gift of Mad Anthony, and upon the blade were the significant words: "Stony Point!"

The war had passed, the Colonies were free, and Tom Hewlett never regretted the part he had played in bringing about the glorious victory.

In next week's Ledger another thrilling boys' story will begin. It is laid in the great North Woods and is called nting a Firebug; or, Chasing a Lost Things happen in this story, and ill be highly entertained if you it. Watch out for it.

The end.

* * *

His Quick Recovery.

"You made a quick recovery."

"Yes. You see, I employed two doctors."

"Two?"

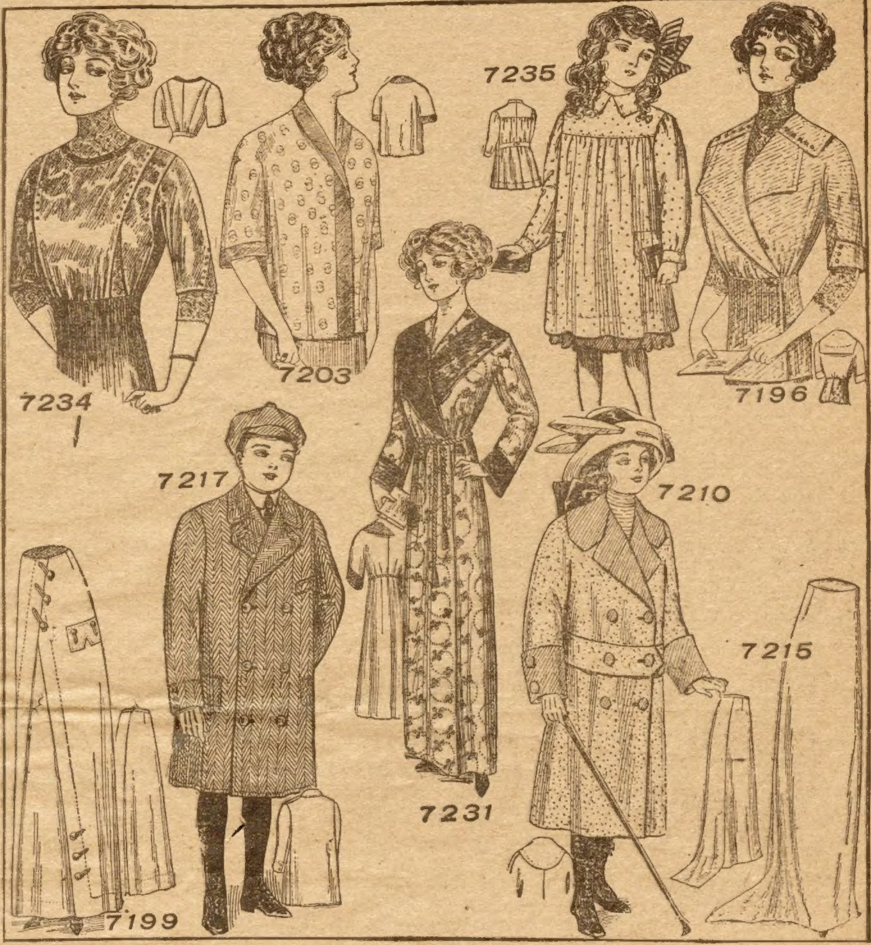
"Sure. They spent nearly all their time quarreling over my treatment and that gave me the chance I needed."

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



7234—Fancy Blouse with Kimono Sleeves Set In, 34 to 40 bust. For the medium size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅜ yards 27 for the guimpe and 1⅜ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the facings and under-sleeves.

7203—One-Piece Short Kimono, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 2 yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide with 2¾ yards of ribbon 6 inches wide or 1¾ yards of silk for the trimming.

7235—Girl's Yoke Apron, 6, 8 and 10 years. For the 8-year size will be required 4½ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide.

7196—Coatee Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 3¼ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅛ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under-sleeves.

7199—Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. For the medium size will be required 6 yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 3 yards with inverted plaits, 2⅝ yards with habit back.

7217—Boy's Overcoat, 8 to 14 years. For the 10-year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 2 yards 44, 1⅝ yards 52 inches wide.

7231—Bath Robe, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 7½ yards of material 27, 6¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming.

7210—Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be required 5 yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with ¾ yard of any width for collar and cuffs.

7215—Two or Three-Piece Circular Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist. For the medium size will be required 5⅛ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 3¼ yards 44 inches wide width of skirt in walking length at lower edge 2¾ yards.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

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To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons

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Town ....

Box .... State ....

☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read All About It

How to Hatch Eggs.

If your aunt in the country wants to know how to hatch eggs without using up too much of a hen's time, tell her to ask you. You know how—or, at least, you will know how when you have read this. You may tell her to do as the farmer in Radford, Ill., did when he wanted to hatch eggs. He had a hive of bees, and he knew that the bees were warm. One end of a bee is extremely warm, by the way, as you may have found to your cost. But the farmer did not want his eggs to be stung while they were being warmed. He put them in a shallow box and over the top of the box he put some netting to keep out the bees. Then he set the beehive over the box. The result was excellent. Out of twenty eggs, eighteen were hatched by the constant heat of the bees' bodies, and the farmer is going to hatch out other "settings" in the same way.

* * *

Texans Love Pie.

A well known traveler says that everybody in Texas eats pie. He says they have it for breakfast, dinner and supper; that children go to bed w
in their hands and if they are
dose of pie is administered befor
doctor is sent for. And yet there
only three kinds of pie, though
stranger might think there were do
The three kinds are the covered, the covered and the cross barred.

* * *

A stitch at 9 may save two at 10.

THIS GENEROUS TREATMENT FREE

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SUCCESS
HOW TO GET BACK YOUR HEALTH
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Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.

If You Are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon below any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the Treatment Free so you may make a personal test of just what my special medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You

This offer is made to any person who sincerely wants to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from impure blood, Uric Acid conditions, etc.

SEND NO MONEY Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

The Object of This Advertisement

is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair, those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, **not yours.** All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you and that I may cure you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. **Try at my expense.** You have nothing to lose.

Accept My Liberal Offer!

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no expres charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

Dr. F. W. JIROCH, Dept. 1127, 533-535 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INDICATE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE for FREE DIAGNOSIS

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I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case, I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment.

Name..
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Town..

State..

Street or R. F. D. or Box..

Have you ever written me?.............. *What is your age?*..........

What is your disease?

....

....

____ If you are losing flesh.
____ If you take cold easily.
____ If your appetite is poor.
____ If you have rheumatism.
____ If you have sick headache.
____ If you have pain in the back.
____ If you are subject to malaria.
____ If you spit up mucus or slime.
____ If you are subject to biliousness.
____ If you are troubled with catarrh.
____ If your sleep does not refresh you.
____ If you feel weak and all run down.
____ If you have palpitation of the heart.
____ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
____ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
____ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
____ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
____ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
____ If you spit up sour or undigested food.
____ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
____ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
____ If you have specks floating before the eyes.
____ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
____ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
____ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
____ If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
____ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
____ If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
____ If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
____ If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.
____ If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.
____ If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all free—Absolutely Free—Write at once. Address,

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